

THE SCOURGE.

APRIL 1st, 1813.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article called "*the three Honourables*," the Hon. G. H——, the Hon. and Rev. Augustus B——, and the Hon. Martin H—— is received, and is under consideration.—Our correspondent may rest satisfied with regard to secrecy.

The "*Admiral*," and the "*Chaplain*," in our next.

Veritas.—We have deemed it necessary to make some enquiries on the subject of *Veritas's* communication, and other accounts of the same person which have come safe to hand—previous to our publication of any thing further—the present number will amply explain our meaning.

Q. is a sly dog ; but his communication is of no service.

We feel very grateful for a variety of interesting articles received this month, although we could not avail ourselves of them.—They shall meet with regular insertion in their turn.

THE SCOURGE.

APRIL 1, 1813.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ACTS OF THE REGENT.

CHAP. XI.

1. AND lo, darkness was upon the face of the earth, and the somnient hand of rest dwelled upon my wearied eye-lids ;

2. And my organs of sight were in the hands of Fancy, who directed them, and my brain was exceeding troubled.

3. And I dreamed, and what I saw I will set forth, and let him that marvelleth well interpret, for the spirit of the Lord is in all things, and as he moved me unto these sights, so will he open the mouth of the prophet, and the truth shall be made known unto the people.

4. Now are ye false prophets, ye who foretold the shame of Caroline ; and your sayings shall rise up in judgment against ye, and ye shall be cast out from among the righteous, yea, as the unclean beast.

5. Ye scribes, whom Satan hath moved unto black deeds, ye who sought favour in the eyes of the wicked prince, did ye not press upon the head of the bended reed ; when trouble came upon her did ye not scoff ; and when the waters of a mother's grief crowded on her breaking heart, did ye not, in the fulness of your corrupt wrath send forth the wicked sayings that were to overwhelm her ?

6. Now hence, ye hireling scribes of infamy, whose wages is the fee of prostitution—hence, ye venal agents—for the light of truth hath broken in upon your dark doings, and ye stand revealed.

7. Not all the waters of contrition can wash away the stain upon your hearts; no, for ye were moved by sorners and the perjured, and the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain!

8. Now ——— was ruling King of Israel, and he was a wicked prince, and he did evil in the sight of the Lord, and the spirit of the Lord was not with him.

9. And he had evil counsellors, and they flattered him, and they called him a great prince, and they said unto the people, there is none like the living prince.

10. And they gathered together, even in the king's presence, and they said, "Oh, most wise and mighty prince, the treasures of the earth are at thy feet, and whatsoever thou wishest that shall be done."

11. Now this prince was exceeding amorous, and they brought him their daughters, but he yearned not for them; and they brought him their wives, and fat dames of fifty, and he joyed thereat.

12. And he said unto these men, now are ye wise ministers, and ye shall be trusted.

13. And he vested in them the functions of government, and they ruled, and there were many who complained.

14. And they severely taxed the people, and they filled their coffers with the poor man's gold, and the people murmured exceedingly thereat.

15. And now did these evil counsellors build barracks in the cities and chief towns, and fill them with soldiers, and the wrath of the people was exceeding, but they feared to vent their griefs, for they were unarmed and defenceless, and at the mercy of the evil counsellors.

16. Now did the prince never say unto these men, why do ye such things? are ye not shaking the stability of my

father's throne, but he saw these things, and he suffered them to be, and he had confidence in them, and they were chief rulers.

17. And again, they came unto his presence and said, "Thou art a wise and mighty prince, and whosoever shall dare to speak naught of thee, him will we visit with our wrath, him will we set at thy foot, that thou mayest crush him as the worm that offendeth.

18. And again, "Oh, most wise and virtuous sovereign, Caroline, the wife of thy bosom, doeth evil things, and it is meet in the eye of the Lord that thou put her away."

19. Then there arose those whose evil sayings had gone abroad, and they accused her.

20. And Caroline arose and said, are not these men suborned? have I not been tried upon their accusations and acquitted, and can you longer put faith in their wicked testimony?

21. And she arose and said, O mighty prince, give ear unto me, and let me confront my accusers, for I am heavy of grief, and am innocent, and can confound these perjured sayers of evil things.

22. Now these were the doings in Israel in my days, and the people were sorely troubled, and they took part with the princess, and they believed not the testimony of her enemies.

23. But there were men in the land who were scribes unto the people, and they were apostates and liars, and they wrote for hire, and the bread they eat was the bread of their misdemeanors.

24. And they were the creatures of the full purse, even the purse which was filled by the sweat of the people's brow; yea, and which was made the instrument of bribery and corruption against them.

25. And these men fell down and worshipped the full purse, yea, instead of the Lord God, and the truth was not in them, and Satan had power over their hearts.

CHAP. XII.

1. Now verily I say unto you, ye children of Israel, who shall grow up in the land, and inherit the vineyards of your fathers : I say unto you, such was Israel in my days.

2. And there were bitter wailings in the land, and the people cried out, who is my helper ?

3. Now having set forth these things, and the tribulation of the times, I will say unto you what I saw in my dream, and do ye interpret, for the Lord willeth that his ways be made known unto the children of the people of Israel.

4. And the spirit of the Lord moved my sight unto the things that follow, even my sleeping sight, and I dreamed.

5. And I saw the house of the ruler of Israel, which is at Jerusalem, and its gates were standing open.

6. And I entered, and no one spake to me, and I passed up the flight of many steps, which is before the door, and no one said, whence come ye ? so that I entered the palace of the ruler, and passed on.

7. And my eye dwelt with wonder on the marble halls, the golden tripods, and the stained glass.

8. And the carpets of many colours, and the vases, and the rich paintings, and the satin drapery.

9. And the doors which were of the richest woods, and the gilded ceilings and the canopy, and the mirrors which were set in gold.

10. And I saw the servants of the ruler passing to and fro, and they spake not to me, for their eyes were filmed with darkness, as unto me, and they saw me not.

11. And they bore in their hands vessels of gold filled with costly wines, and salvers of the same precious metal, with richest viands.

12. And their garments were of scarlet and gold, and they looked like gentlemen of the land.

13. And they winked significantly at each other, and they laughed, and in their mouths were evil sayings, and in their pockets the things of their master.

14. And I said unto myself, yea, verily the people payeth for this.

15. Then I came unto a stately chamber, and I saw a couch of crimson and gold, and I saw the great ruler himself seated thereon, and on either hand a female.

16. And his heart seemed sorely troubled, and he exclaimed, Who shall rid me of this bondage? I am married! and although the great ruler, now can I not put away my wife.

17. Then there spake one of the ladies, and she said, Now be ye comforted, for I will be evidence against your wife, and I will say such things that it shall appear meet in the eyes of the people that you put her away.

18. And he was comforted.

19. And he toyed with the ladies, and was exceeding amorous.

20. And the servants habited in scarlet cloth and gold brought him in vessels of the same metal, a certain beverage, but little known to the people of Israel, but which is exceeding rich and stimulating.

21. And it is compounded of eggs and brandy, and is known by no other name.

22. And the great prince drank of the eggs and brandy, and as often as he drank was much refreshed.

23. Then I saw even in the middle of the chamber, a cauldron and fire, and smoke arose out of it, and in the midst of the fire and smoke was a scroll, on which was written "Divorce."

24. And there were men that paced around the cauldron, and they uttered mystic incantations, not acceptable to the true God, and they dropped into the flame "suppressed evidence," "names of suborners," &c. &c. and the flame arose higher.

25. Now are ye idolaters, I exclaimed, and the Lord shall visit the house of the ruler of Israel with a heavy judgment!

26. And of the men that paced around the cauldron, some were habited as judges of the land, and some as preachers of the word of God.

27. And the chamber was darkened by the smoke which ascended, and I saw the flame was nurtured by envy, hatred, malice, lust, desire and perjury; and I said, these things are forbidden in the commandments.

28. Then I saw the door of another chamber, and it flew open with a loud noise, and a heavenly light burst in upon the cauldron, and dispersed its flame.

29. And I saw Truth enter, and in her one hand she held her spotless mirror, and with the other she led on a female of interesting gait and mein, and she called out for justice.

30. And lo she was the wife of the ruler, and she was followed by a scribe whom the people honor.

31. And I saw a demon called Envy at the feet of Truth, and hide her face from the light.

32. And one of the ladies on the couch, whom virtue never knew, hid herself from the light, and could not look upon it.

33. And the great ruler was dismayed and drew back, and the lady on his right hand, who wore a cap of many colors, was not dismayed.

34. For her heart was hardened in the fires of sin, and she was a liar; and that which she said she would swear, and would put virtue to the blush.

35. She was the very source and rootings of infamy, and was of matchless cunning, and Truth could not put her to shame, and she persisted in her evil sayings.

36. Now on her right there stood the figure of a man, but without the heart of one, and he was her husband, and he was no man, for his bosom was composed of unmanly passions, and he joined in the evil sayings of his wife.

37. And the men that paced around the cauldron were sore dismayed, and betook themselves to flight; and one of them, no less than a judge of the land discovered when it was too late, that he had put his foot in the cauldron.

38. And of this man it was said, that he did not believe in the commandments of God; viz. thou shalt not commit adultery.

39. And the priests were ashamed of their doings, and their cunning sayings availed them not.

40. Now I saw all these things, and I marvelled thereat, and there came upon me a saying whispering in the air, and a voice spake, and I saw no one.

41. And it said, Arise, and reveal the things which thou hast seen, and say unto the people, yea, even unto the people of Israel, that I am angered—that the house of the ruler shall be shaken, and that my power shall be manifest—yea, that I am Truth the faithful worshipper of the living God.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

NEVER did subject of greater importance to the vitality of a state occupy the public mind than that which has grown out of the publication of the Delicate Investigation, and which even in times when continental events were assuming a shape of considerable interest engrossed the whole attention, to the exclusion of every other question. The strong and deep feeling of the nation has been excited—it has read the infamous, the unparalleled testimony of the accusers of her Royal Highness, and while retiring with disgust from its filth, it has voluntarily declared the innocence of the accused, and the turpidity of the accusers. We felt a conviction that this would be the result, and almost single-handed advocated her cause when the tide was at a stand and the faith was staggered. We knew there was a strong party against this unhappy—female; we knew that so powerful and so malignant were her enemies, that if any charge could be substantiated it would not be waved out of mercy, but pursued with a rigor even stretching beyond the law; and weighing well these things, giving them an attention which their importance required, we ranged confidently by her side, deeming her guiltless until proved to the contrary.

How much must we lament the incautious folly of those advisers who first urged the publicity of this affair; who sent the testimony of Lady Douglas garbled to the columns of the *Morning Post* and *Herald*, and who sought by this foul means of making their own case good, and ruining the reputation of the mother of the heiress of the throne!—dispersing over the nation the obscenities of a brothel, and familiarising the ears of virtue to the very corruptions of vice. We want language to express the severity of our reprobation of such conduct—whoever were the advisers (if any) we hold them up as enemies to the throne and to the country—but if it proceeded from the *high authority* itself—we must agree with Mr. Wortley, and declare that “WE ARE SORRY WE HAVE A FAMILY WHO DO NOT TAKE WARNING FROM WHAT IS SAID AND THOUGHT CONCERNING THEM. THEY SEEM TO BE THE ONLY PERSONS IN THE COUNTRY WHO ARE WHOLLY REGARDLESS OF THEIR OWN WELFARE AND RESPECTABILITY.”

How infatuated must be that man, how wedded to his ruin who roots up the main prop of his house, and clings to the falling building—yet such is an every day case. Prejudice or folly blinds the eyes of reason, and the warning comes too late. In what does a monarch's strength consist so much as in the estimation of the people whom he rules?—rob him of that, he is left open to his enemies, and his throne totters with every whispering of the wind.

To briefly recapitulate recent events, to point out the impolitic measures of the advisers of his Royal Highness, and their fatal tendency, we shall go back to the letter of her Royal Highness, dated the 14th of January, 1813, and which was the first instrument, exciting an unusual sensation in the public breast. We shall not now enquire into the policy of this appeal, and of its publication to the world as a necessary obligation arising out of the conduct of the Prince Regent, to whom it was addressed—circumstances, in our opinion, have conspired to prove

the one, and the since publicly proved innocence of the Princess, its absolute necessity ; but what was the result of this letter ?—why it shook the nerves of the Prince, and of the ministry ; and although the Princess had been honorably and fully acquitted of all the charges brought against her in 1806 and 1807, it was deemed necessary to enter into a new examination of evidence, although no new charges were made or hinted at against her.

As the result of this examination, a report was drawn up, and a copy of it transmitted to the Princess of Wales by Lord Sidmouth, and she immediately addressed the following letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons :

Montague House, March 1, 1813.

“ The Princess of Wales informs Mr. Speaker, that she has received from Lord Viscount Sidmouth, a copy of a report made to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by a certain number of the members of the Privy Council, to whom it appears his Royal Highness had been advised to refer the consideration of the documents, and other evidence respecting her character and conduct. The report is of such a nature, that her Royal Highness is well persuaded that no person can read it, without considering that it conveys most unjust aspersions against her ; and although their eagerness renders it impossible to discover precisely what is meant, or even what she has been charged with, yet as the Princess of Wales *is conscious of no offence whatever*, she thinks it due to herself and to the illustrious house, with which she is connected by blood and marriage, and to the people among whom she holds so distinguished a rank, *not to acquiesce for a moment in any imputation affecting her honor.*

“ The Princess of Wales has not been permitted to know upon what evidence the members of the Privy Council proceeded, still less to be heard in her defence ; she knew only by common rumour of the inquiries which had been carried on, until the result was communicated to her ; and she has no means now of knowing whether the members of the Privy Council appointed to determine on her case, acted as a body to whom she can appeal for redress, or only in their individual capacity as persons selected to make a report on her conduct.

" The Princess is compelled, therefore, to throw herself upon the house, and upon the justice of parliament ; and to require *that the fullest investigation may be instituted into the whole of her conduct, during her residence in this country.*

" The Princess of Wales fears no scrutiny, however strict, provided she is tried by *impartial judges*, known to the constitution, and in the fair and open manner the law of the land requires. Her only desire is, that she may either be declared to be innocent, or proved to be guilty.

" The Princess desires Mr. Speaker to communicate this letter to the House of Commons."

It was thus she replied to the ambiguities of the report ; it was thus she challenged fair and open inquiry before impartial judges ; and answered the scurrilities of those wretched journalists, who accused, affected to believe, and dared to threaten. This was a step looking like innocence itself, and was another source of disquiet to those whose characters were poised in opposition to her own. Mr. Cochrane Johnston having given notice of a motion standing on the order of the House for the 4th of March, relative to the Princess of Wales, this letter was not taken into consideration ; and the Morning Herald of the next morning, in giving its report of the proceedings of the house, dared to say that all parties were amazed, and whispered among each other, *who could have advised so rash a step ?* stupidly insinuating that the *whole house* knew her guilt, and deplored the dangerous expedient which must inevitably involve her in ruin ; but is it known that the Rev. Bate Dudley, the Proprietor of the Morning Herald, has been recently created a baronet, and is a constant visitor at Carlton House !

On the 5th of March, Mr. Cochrane Johnston brought forward his motion, which was to the effect, that a *new and different trial* should take place of the Princess of Wales—a public trial, which would at once, in its issue, establish her innocence or her guilt. Lord Castlereagh opposed the motion ! On what ground ? shall it be said—the adviser of the Regent, a member of the administration

of the country, and he who had contributed his mite in imposing those restrictions upon the Princess which primarily brought forward this very serious discussion; that he who had so long sat silent, and heard the charges and the slander which had pressed on her Royal Highness's character, was at length forced by conviction, and the danger which the motion of the Hon. Gentleman would bring along with it, to *certain* persons; that he, Lord Castlereagh, was forced to assert that ALL the reports upon the conduct of the Princess had established her innocence, and produced ACQUITTAL—THAT IT WAS FULL, THAT IT WAS COMPLETE, and that no further proceedings could be necessary!!!

Sir T. Plomer, the Solicitor General, agreed in every line with the noble lord; and Mr. Canning felt himself *prepared to assert and maintain that the words and meaning of the cabinet report in 1807, conveyed a complete, satisfactory, and unlimited acquittal.* The question was then put, and negatived without a division; but the manly mover declared that it was a proud day for him, because it completely established the innocence of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

In this stage of the affair the public began to form a decisive opinion in favour of the Princess, when, instigated by the blackest malice, the most deliberate villainy, some UNKNOWN, for it could not be the Regent—human nature revolts at the supposition; it could not be the advisers of the Regent, for they are men of honor, and had pledged themselves to the innocence of the lady in question:—well then, some DIABOLICAL UNKNOWN, who slinks into the darkness of obscurity—some wretched envenomed slave to malignancy and hate, collected together the evidence against the Princess, and extracting the disgusting filth of the infamous Lady Douglas, and the depositions of Cole and Bidgood, and these too in a garbled state, sent them to the *Morning Post*, that ministerial hireling, that apostate print, and to the *Morning Herald*; and they were published to the

world ; to draw the character of the Princess into odium, and shock the ears of virtue with narrations the most disgusting we have ever read. In the former they wholly failed, but in the latter, we believe, amply succeeded, but with little credit to the designer. The next step in this curious business was a petition to the House of Commons by Sir John and Lady Douglas, praying, that as the commissioners before whom they were examined were not legally competent to enter into the inquiry, and to the examination of evidence, and that as they (Sir John and Lady Douglas) from such cause were not liable to indictment for perjury, they prayed the House that it would be pleased to institute a legal tribunal, before which they might again swear all the allegations of their former affidavit, and thus lay themselves open to indictment.

Monstrous audacity! Master-piece of subtlety and cunning—they prayed the house to allow them an opportunity of perjuring themselves, knowing that they would thus get rid of the whole affair, convinced as they must be, as every man must be of common sense, that such a prayer was an insult upon the House, an insult upon the laws which could never admit of such expedients. Why not pray the House, Sir John, to send you a victim to destroy, that you might be thrown upon the laws of your country, and tried for murder? The one case was fully as practicable as the other, and as much in the province of the house to grant—but no, Sir John, you was upon a precipice—ruin gaped beneath you; and we have our doubts if you were not aware, that this petition must render you upon any future occasion in this business an incompetent witness—incompetent upon your oath, and your lady too.

Such are the brief particulars of the recent discussions relative to the Princess of Wales, which we have summarily drawn together, with a view not to fatigue our reader, but that his information may be complete. Let us ask him then, in this place, if ever human ingenuity weaved

a more artful, a more diabolical fabric, a more damnable tissue of falsehoods to the ruin of an unfortunate female, a foreigner? what though allied by blood and birth to our royal family, cast as it were upon our shores without a friend, without a protector—separated from her husband, because, to use his own words—"his inclination is not in his own power," not upon terms with the queen, because —————, and not an associate of the rest of the blood royal, because it is her misfortune to claim precedence of them in rank! Had she been partially guilty, we should have commiserated with her situation; but proved innocent, beyond even a slur, we advocate her cause with all the warmth, with all the sincerity becoming us as men, as Englishmen.—Poison, such as Lady Douglas's, carries its own antidote along with it, and happily in the present instance she has sworn too much for human credulity. Had her malice been more concealed, her accusations been more guarded and limited, she might have gained a credit ensuring herself success, and fatal to the object of her conspiracy. In the course of the proceedings the following letter was set forth as the production of the Prince Regent, to which, as we alluded, we shall copy without any comment, leaving to the judgment of the reader the motives of the Prince for the separation to which it alludes, and whether it does not go materially to elevate the character so much depreciated;—it points out no ostensible reason for a separation, it merely—but let it speak for itself.

Letter from the Prince of Wales to the Princess of Wales.

Madam,

As Lord Cholmondeley informs me, that you wish me to define in writing the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us

suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society, however, is in our power. Let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that; and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence will in its mercy avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction, by proposing at any period a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this *disagreeable* correspondence, trusting that as we have completely explained to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity.

With great truth and sincerity, yours,

GEORGE P.

Windsor Castle, April 30th, 1796.

It gives us great pleasure to hear that the inhabitants of the city of Westminster intend to call a meeting for the purpose of showing their attachment to her royal person, and to congratulate her on her recent triumph over her enemies. We trust and hope this is a measure which will be followed up by every patriotic body in the kingdom. It will shew to calumniators the sandy foundation upon which they stand, and must be productive of a singular sensation in certain quarters—we could say more, and are willing to confess our pen is restrained by a recollection of what the Hunts are suffering: we feel the delicacy of the subject, and the honest warmth into which almost every moment we are hurried; by dwelling upon it we feel the ground crumbling beneath our feet—Sir W. Garrow shakes his head at us—and as we must not speak the truth, the whole truth, we will take our leave.

THE MEMOIRS OF MR. BLARNEY O'SULLIVAN,

*In a Letter from himself to Mrs. Judy O'Flannagan,
dated Cork.*

MR. EDITOR,

THE following curious epistle having accidentally fallen into my hands, I am anxious that so interesting a piece of biography should not be lost to the public, but preserved through the medium of your very excellent

magazine. I presume it will not be necessary my entering into the detail how I became possessed of it, its authenticity, I believe, is of more importance, and I think that cannot be questioned—the post-mark going a great way towards proof, and other circumstances combining to establish that—circumstances which I shall be very happy personally to communicate at any period you may think proper to call for them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WALTER WITLESS.

To my own dear Heart, the blooming Widow O'Flannagan.

Oh my dear Judy,

How my heart thumps—whack against my ribs, as though it would pop out of my side whenever I write your swate name—whenever I think of you, and by my faith I think of nothing else—I moan like Pat Murphy at a howling, or my own dear sow when she calls for her breakfast—love, you divil, has crept into my heart, and the swate widow O'Flannagan alone can give it aise—then why wont you be mine?—say but that, you'll be mine, and my pig, and all that I have too, shall be yours, and myself into the bargain.

Is it that you are afraid of bemaining the blood of the O'Flannagans, that you don't close the bargain—by the powers, and if it is, I can match you at that, for the O'Sullivans are the only true Milesians, and I have the pedigree of my family up to Noah's flood. Is it that I am not a jontleman—ah Judy, be aisy about that, for I am a jontleman every inch of me. Is it that you fancy my education and manners are not becoming? Now be quiet, Judy, and I will tell you all about it, and if I don't prove to you that my pedigree, my character, and my manners, will do honour to your choice, I will pitch my potatoe spade to the divil, bid adieu to the land of my fathers, and go to foreign parts, where the d—d a drop of whiskey can be had for love or money. Now sit you down quiet, and you shall have my whole history in a pig's whisper, and good luck to it. May my own dear Judy comply with my wishes.

In writing one's history you see as naturally as the horse's tail hangs behind; so you begin with some account of your father, and so prove the purity of your blood upward until you come to the fountain head, or family root, or what you please to call it. My father, you see, Judy, was no less than the celebrated Roger O'Sullivan, who died the other day, and of whom I shall speak hereafter; he was the son of Patrick O'Sullivan, who was the son of Blarney O'Sullivan, of Dripsey, who was my great grandfather, who drank his whisky hot with sugar, and roasted his potatoes; and he was the son of Jemmy O'Sullivan, who attended the fairs with seven stakes, and a sail-cloth, a keg of whiskey and gingerbread; and to be sure he wasn't the life and soul of the company wherever he went—I never knew whether he had a father, Judy, for he was found one morning in the pig's breakfast parlour, without a rag of clothes upon him; and was brought up and educated by Roger O'Connel, and no one knew the divil a word where he came from; but he was a cousin of Brian O'Moor, who was an O'Sullivan by the mother's side; who was a nephew of Arthur O'Sullivan, who kept a whisky cabin at Cove, in the English Queen Elizabeth's time, and it was known by the sign of the Cat and Gridiron—Oh! he was a great big man, and he only sold whisky merely for his amusement. Now you see Arthur O'Sullivan was the great grandson of Murphy O'Sullivan, who died with a gallon of whisky in him, for a wager; and he knew nothing of the fifteen generations that preceded him, but he knew that he was the sixteenth in regular descent from Roger Auchterlony, who run a great big spit down the throat of Patrick O'Conner, who rebelled against Brian Borohme, the first king of Ireland—and he was descended from Patrick O'Sullivan, who lived two hundred years after the flood; and who was regular descendant and heir of Murphy O'Sullivan, the first man, and who found himself sticking in the mud at Bantry, after the waters of the deluge had abated.

Sure now, Judy, you can no longer doubt the nobleness of my descent; and that the blood of the O'Sullivans can never disparage that of the O'Flannagans.

The estate upon which I reside is my own, now my father is no more; and he inherited it from his ancestors, who have held it ever since the flood, and I was dropped upon it by my mother one sun-shiny morning, while she was digging potatoes—Oh! long life to the land, it is so flat and so green, and our beautiful cabin stands in the middle of it so invitingly, that the devil a soul but would wish for it in the cold days.

My mother has often told me, that I was the gentlest thing that ever was born, that I looked so beautiful, so bewitching, and ate potatoes and butter-milk with such a grace, and so hearty, that it did her heart good to look at me—well I grew up a fine coaxing boy; and by the time that I was nine year old, I could spell words of one syllable, and father Luke told me I should do honor to the name of O'Sullivan—faith, I could write my name without missing a letter; and although nobody could make anything of it but myself, every body said it was truly wonderful—that I was a prodigy, and the mothers used to say to their sons—can't you look at the nate master Blarney O'Sullivan—can't you see how learned and how graceful he is; oh, botheration, take copy of him, for he's the pattern of elegance—sure, and I kepped growing on higher and higher; and I could read and write, and dance at a wedding, and sing at a wake; and the girls they were ogling me, and teasing me, but I was deaf to them, the devil a word would I have to say to them, for I would not disgrace my parentage; and I knew that I was the lad for any girl's money.

Oh, Judy, my own swate darling Judy, nature had framed me for you, and you for me—I had not then seen you; but, oh! shall I ever forget the moment I first beheld you—it was one foggy morning in December, and you was then pouring aglass of whisky down your beautiful throat, just to warm and to comfort you, and give you

an appetite for your breakfast : oh ! Judy, I needed no whisky, for my heart was dancing about ; and I said to myself, sure we are twin potatoes clinging to the same root, and divil take him that would offer to part us—then, why Judy did you go off with that dirty soldier, that bewitched you ? was he half so comely as your own dear Blarney, who could read and write, and who could dance and sing ?—was he half so handsome ; had he the roguish eye, the blooming cheeks, the pouting lips, the delicate teeth, the manly gait, and the handsome leg of your own Blarney ? My mother took sorely on to see me grieve for you, and she comforted me, and she made me some currant whisky ; and by the powers I was always drinking the health of my darling, morning and night—and my mother would never leave the big bottle alone, and she drank to keep me company, and my father he joined us in every glass, for fear we should think him unsociable—Now, Judy, now came on all my troubles, for the whiskey was gone, and I could not keep up my spirits, so my good mother drove our cow to the fair, and sold her, and we drank the cow to your good health, and my mother went ill, and nothing would comfort her but the whiskey—Father Murphy came into console her and to pray by her, but she grew worse and worse, and it was very soon clear that it was all over. Oh my darling mother ! Sure Judy, sure you must feel for me ; she died with the glass at her lips—she could not swallow—the glass fell from her hand—she dropped back speechless in my arms, and her spirit flew up to St. Patrick.

Judy, the stains upon the letter are my tears, come then, and comfort me.

My father's heart was broken ; he could do nothing but shake his head—it is a hard trial, Judy, to part in your old days with the partner of your young ones, and death is a frightful guest. Father Murphy sent for the howlers, and the coffin containing all that remained of my mother was placed in the middle of the cabin—the candles were lit up, and the loaf and the cheese was

placed upon the bier, and an eighteen gallon cask of whisky beside us. There was Luke O'Sullivan, Brian Kavanagh, Thady O'Shaugnessy, Katty O'Connel, and Molly Malone; and they came to howl for us, and to be sure they tore their hair, beat their breasts, and shrieked and sobbed, and we all shrieked and sobbed, and the whiskey was nearly all drank—now Molly Malone is a tight tippler and a good howler, and she had her share.

I knocked the cask and it sounded quite empty, and my ould father said, "Blarney, is there no more whiskey?" I pulled out the bung and perceiving that none would come, I said, "no, sure, father, it is all gone"—then he asked me to come near to him, and I did, and he looked very pale, and I felt his legs and they were cold, and I gave him a drop that remained in the bottom of his glass, and he smiled for a moment—but it was only the gleaming light that hangs upon the dart of death—he faintly uttered "have you no more whiskey?—is it gone?—good night then, for I have seen it out," and his cold hand that was raised to my shoulder dropped lightly by my side—his eye was fixed and glazed in death.

Oh, Judy, Judy, both my parents lay before me cold and in death; those dear authors of my existence who had sheltered and protected me, and I was left to the wide world without a friend to confide in—all was a blank at the moment—my eyes were not waterish—my lips were parched with fever. Oh, Judy, you know an Irishman's heart, and that his love for his country is only equalled by his affection for his parents.

But not to dwell upon my griefs, and my heart is too full to give them utterance: let me now, Judy, draw your attention to my present situation—Oh! let me prevail on you to leave that drab of a soldier, for your own true countryman. I am now my own master, the only man at Dripsey who can read and write, and shall shortly be made an exciseman; when be assured, my dear Judy, I shall have plenty of whisky to delight your little dumbling lips with—I have two acres of a potatoe garden, and a

dainty mud cabin, newly done over with thatch; I have a table, two chairs, and a stool—an iron pot which serves all purposes, a skillet, and nine pieces of earthenware; I have my father's big bottle, two blankets, a coverlid, a straw bedding, and a turn-up bedstead—then my live stock consists of a pig—three hens and a cock—my pig, the last friend I have left, sleeps beside me—and my fowls roost over my head—Oh, Judy, we are as comfortable as we can be—come then to us, leave that big blackguard, and come to your own Blarney O'Sullivan; all shall be yours, my Judy—all shall be yours.

Your affectionate and loving friend,

BLARNEY O'SULLIVAN.

P. S. If you do not receive this, you need not answer it; but give it to the postman, who will return to me.

THE GENUINE BOOK.

An Inquiry, or Delicate Investigation into the Conduct of the Princess of Wales, &c. &c. Price 18s.—M. Jones, 5, Newgate-street.

A VARIETY of works having appeared before the public, all purporting to be the *genuine Book*, and thus arresting our faith in them; we were led to enquire into the fair claims of each for consideration, to examine into their authenticity, and select the one for our review, which afforded indubitable proofs of its genuineness. And we are led decidedly, to declare that the edition of Mr. Jones is the *only one* which the public can confide in. A copy of the original Book, for the suppression of which so many thousands of the public money were applied by the agents of Carlton House, is now in the possession of Mr. Jones; we have seen it, we have compared it page

for page, line for line with the reprint—it may be seen by the public, it is open to examination and enquiry; and it will be found that the latter, with the exception of typographical errors, is a fac simile of the original.

We have felt it a duty we owe our reader and the publisher to be thus minute, because Mr. Edwards, another printer, having furnished an edition, and attempted to bias the public mind in favor of his own work, to the prejudice of Mr. Jones—while we did not think his impudent scurrilities deserving of our notice, we thought it requisite to expose imposture; but we cannot help offering him a few cautionary hints, and letting him know that over such men as *himself* we hold a lash of some severity, and Mr. Edwards had better see to it that he does not provoke its application: by way of proving to him that we *have* information, we wish to ask him only two questions:—Does he recollect a particular conversation between himself and a gentleman whose initials are T. G. at a house in Hanging-sword-alley, Fleet-street? Does he also recollect the scene at the Bell in Fleet-street, where a thick-headed constable made his appearance, and talked of custody, and such things, extremely unpleasant to the refined ears of a *petitioning* printer, and apparently calculated to shake his nerves? We do not wish to overstrain his memory, let him take time. Mr. E. has no copy of the original in his possession, at least, we cannot believe him capable of perjury; and we know that he was called upon to deliver every copy in his possession, at the time of its suppression, and to take his affidavit that he had done so. But to dismiss the subject, let us inquire into the Book itself—and the first question we were led to ask ourselves on opening the volume was—why was it so long suppressed? Was it necessary to establish the innocence of the accused? Was it necessary out of considerations of delicacy to that unhappy lady, or was it that by bringing the perjuries of the suborned to light, the piercing eye of the public would creep through the black, the malignant mist

that lay *between* the wretched evidence, and the *secret* influence which gave it birth! Some deeply stained motive, which we cannot fathom, some soul tremblings, in quarters where suspicion but faintly gleamed her light, beyond the possibility of a doubt urged it, and though you press her down with all the weight of power—though you heap upon her chaotic obscurity, yet she will rise—truth will rise like waters to their level, and inundate the fabrications of calumny and falsehood. Why, we ask again, was this Book suppressed? this Book, which was fearlessly committed to the press by the Princess, which was watched in its every stage through it by her legal advisers, Lord Eldon, Sir Thomas Plomer, and the late Spencer Perceval; which contained all the allegations against her, all the refutations to those charges; in short, the whole proceedings, nothing softened down, but entire, as taken down before the commissioners, and as reported to his Majesty? Why was it deemed necessary to suppress this chain of testimony? we ask again; and if it was once so, why was it considered now necessary to publish garbled extracts of the worst part of the evidence against her Royal Highness, and nothing which spoke in favour of her cause?

Of the Book, our examination will be confined to the excellent defence of Mr. Perceval, contained in a letter addressed to the King, purporting to be by the Princess, and dated Montague House, October 2, 1806. Although we cordially acquiesce in every line of this eloquent production, and feel its forcible conviction, yet we regret to see so much argument thrown away upon the dull and uninteresting points of law, and which occupy so many pages. The world is satisfied of the illegality of the tribunal by which the inquiry was instituted, and of the injustice of its proceedings. After enumerating the documents transmitted to the Princess, the time that elapsed between the taking of evidence and its transmission to her, and emphatically pointing out the lapse

that intervened between the institution of the inquiry, and her being made acquainted with the charges affecting her life and honor, she notices the narration of Sir John and Lady Douglas ; she says, "the improbability of the story would, of itself, I should have imagined, (unless they believed me to be as insane as Lady Douglas insinuates) have been sufficient to have staggered the belief of any unprejudiced mind. For to believe that story they were to begin with believing that a person guilty of so foul a crime as adultery, so highly penal, so fatal to her honor, her station, and her life, should *gratuitously* and *uselessly* have confessed it!" We can readily believe that females who have conceived a mutual attachment are capable of entrusting each other with secrets of great importance, and confiding in them with the greatest confidence; but those attachments are only formed by a reciprocity of sentiments, and confidence can only be stimulated by a similar union of feeling. It is idle for a moment to imagine that under any circumstances the Princess could have, without *motive*, confided so alarming, so dangerous a secret to Lady Douglas—a secret which degraded her, which must degrade her in the eyes of Lady D.—if the latter was a virtuous woman, and which must inevitably reduce her *below* her level, even if she were abandoned. She continues—"Such a person under the necessity of concealing her pregnancy, *might* have been indispensably obliged to confide her secret with those to whom she was to look for assistance in concealing its consequences. But Lady Douglas, by her own account, was informed by me of this fact *for no purpose whatever*. She makes me, as those who read her declarations cannot fail to have observed, state to her, *that she should on no account be entrusted with any part of the management by which the birth was to be concealed!* After enumerating and clearly refuting the other parts of this abandoned testimony, she says, they were not only to believe all this, but to believe "that having made Lady Douglas thus unneces-

sarily the confidant of this most important and dangerous secret, having thus put my character and life in her hands, I sought an occasion wantonly, and without provocation, from the mere fickleness and wilfulness of my own mind to quarrel with her, to insult her openly and violently in my own house, to endeavour to ruin her reputation, to expose her in infamous and indecent drawings, enclosed in letters to her husband." Surely this must surpass all belief, it must preach conviction to an idiot—what, place her life in the hands of a woman, and then warp her to fury, to madness.—Absurd—absurd, human nature is not so blind, so careless of reputation and of life. But how was it, that Lady Douglas suffering at the time such unmerited disgrace, no longer permitted to visit at Montague House, her letters returned unopened, &c. &c. how was it that she suffered the secret to rest in her own bosom for four years, that she stifled her resentment for that period, and never disclosed any particle of those transactions of 1802, until the year 1806? She says "it would not have been revealed at all, but that the Princess of Wales recommenced a fresh torrent of outrage against Sir John, and Sir John discovered that she was attempting to undermine his and Lady Douglas's character."—*Undermine* his and Lady Douglas's character! Does the light break in upon us? But no more—to investigate further the infamies of Lady Douglas would be to point out what is sufficiently obvious to the commonest understanding, that black is black.

The depositions of Cole and Bidgood, &c. are all equally refuted in language nervous and elegant, carrying conviction, and placing them in a proper light, in opposition to other testimonies. Our limits will not admit of copious extract, which we are desirous of, and we must take our leave of the subject, earnestly recommending the reader to an attentive perusal of this important volume; but we cannot conclude without laying before him the following passage. It was dictated by a consciousness of innocence, which would not admit of

being questioned, or if so, not fearing to meet and confront those who in their malignancy dared accuse. "It shall at no time be said that I shrunk back from these nefarious charges, that I crouched before my enemies, and courted them by my submission into moderation. No, I have ever boldly defied them; have ever felt, and still feel that if they should think of pursuing these accusations, or of bringing forward any other which the wickedness of individuals may devise, to affect my honor (since my conscience tells me that they must be as base and groundless as those brought by Lady Douglas) while the witnesses to the innocence of my conduct are all living, I should be able to disprove them all, and whoever may be my accusers, to triumph over their wickedness and malice. But should these accusations be renewed, or any other be brought forward at any future time, death may, I know not how soon, remove from my innocence its best security, and deprive me of the means of my justification and defence."

A MR. BURCKHARDT.

SINCE the publication of our last number a gentleman under the above name, has thought proper to prefer a bill of indictment against the proprietor of this work for an alledged libel. Unconscious that we had *defamed* such a man, and really ourselves not knowing that such a character was in existence, we were led to make some inquiries, and have discovered that the complainant is a resident in Northumberland-street, Strand, and a jeweller, the manufacturer of the Moira jewel, a free-mason, &c. and that the libel is contained in a letter signed Censor, which appeared in our 26th Number. Not having yet seen the indictment, we cannot set forth the words complained of. Upon reference to the article, however, we find that a correspondent, signing himself Censor, is in-

dignant at the partiality shewn to a foreigner in preference to the English manufacturer, and expressing himself with some warmth, enquires who is this Mr. Burckhardt? Then narrating a short account of a man named Burckhardt, inquires, is this the man?—and Mr. Burckhardt, of Northumberland-street, starts up, and by his bill of indictment says, I am the man, and you have spoken truly of me, and I am libelled.

Now if we have inadvertently *told the truth*, and Mr. Burckhardt is ready and willing to admit it; if it can be proved, that we have broke the king's peace, it is probable we may be called upon to answer the laws for such an infraction, and we shall be content in the satisfaction that we have done no more than our duty—a duty subjecting us to some penalties, but of real benefit to the manufacturing classes of the community, to the trading interests of the country—but we have our doubts as to the success of Mr. Burckhardt, and shall go to trial confident in our cause.

True to the generally adopted mode of tying up the hands, and fettering the tongue of the defendant, Mr. Burckhardt has *indicted* us.—Indicted! Yes, he would shake like an aspen to hear our defence, to hear our justification. We pledge ourselves we knew nothing of the man until after the commencement of legal proceedings; it was then we inquired, it was then we heard, and it will go hard when we open our mouths! We are aware that we shall not have the benefit of our inquiries under indictment; but if Mr. Burckhardt had brought *his action of damages*, we should have regaled him and his friends with our ample justification; as it is, we shall not withdraw from the combat, but send forth our plea of defence to the public in another form.

In our next we promise to be more minute on this subject, and trust we shall be able to rescue ourselves (if such an opinion is entertained) from unjustly censuring, or partially deciding. We owe no private pique to Mr. Burckhardt, he is personally unknown to us; but we

owe a public duty, the exposition of imposture and folly, a duty for which the SCOURGE was established, and the faithful performance of which has confirmed it in the favor and protection of a discerning public.—No circumstance shall prevent the exercise of that duty—we are not alarmed by threats, we shrink not from indictments; these things but impart a vigor to our pen, or strength to our arm, giving us power more effectually to bruise the head of the monster corruption, and reform the manners and principles of the age.

If Mr. Burckhardt's cause was just, if deserving of support, we were equally as desirous of advocating as to condemn under existing appearances. We are not among those whom the stream bears down, nor shall we ever sacrifice truth and sincerity to pandarize to the vitiated taste of the town. Vice wants correction, and we will freely use our lash; but it shall never be said that we were indiscriminate in our censure; that we sullied the bright form of virtue, or shed unwholesome dews upon men of honorable reputation.

It is impossible for us to correctly acquire a knowledge of a variety of events requiring castigation, by our own personal means; under those circumstances we are indebted for a considerable fund of intelligence from our correspondents, who are known only to us by their favors—Censor is one of them, his article was dropped into our box—we had no reason to doubt the truth of its contents, and we gave it a ready insertion—now had it contained matter as strongly in favor as Mr. B—— could have desired, it would have found equal protection with us.

Within these few days we received a communication from a correspondent, signed P., defending Mr. B——, but merely as a *foreigner*, as a man not contemptible merely because *his origin is low*, &c. &c. Now these are points in which we readily lend Mr. Burckhardt our support—we despise the idea that because he is a foreigner he is deserving of censure—we hate the thought that because he has approached to affluence through

industry and application, he is a fit object of reprobation—no, as a foreigner coming to our country for asylum, we receive him as a friend—as an industrious man and an ingenious mechanic, who had reared himself by such means from indigence and obscurity, we would hold him up as a pattern to our countrymen, that they might emulate his example—but if he come among us, and assume to himself the birthright and privileges of an Englishman—dictating to those who have hospitably received and sheltered him, we will ask—“who are you, Sir, and what are your pretensions? have I opened my door to you, and will you dictate to me in my native dwelling?” We will say, “sit down, Sir, as a guest, but seek not to be one of the family.” If I err, seek not to be one of the tribunal that is to condemn me; you are but a sojourner among us, and violate the sacred laws under which you were received, when you throw off the garb of humility with which you entered! We will say thus much to Mr. Burckhardt; we will thus check his arrogance, and tell him what he was, and what he is; if he has forgot himself it will become us to remind him of his origin and the circumstances under which he was received. If by subtle insinuation, and slow undermining servility, he supersede the English craftsman, who shall defend him?—who shall say that he is an honest and deserving member of society, or the wealth of which he boasts has not been extorted from the purse of many a hungry family?—but no more of Mr. Burckhardt: we but waste our pages.

TO LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

WE regularly takes in a newspaper at our club, because we wants to see how things are going on in parliament, and other places; and my eyes, my Lord, you cannot think how we were pleased to read your speech the other day among 'em all; there was snuffling Bob, a tight hand at a oath, and he said, there was *nothing like it*—that you tipped it 'em in a right slang style, and made

'em look about 'em again. How you must have made 'em stare when you swore it was "*false as hell*;" just what I said to filching Sam, when he told a lie——then when you said, *it's a lie*, Nimming Ned said as how you was right to speak your mind out plainly; but we all agreed, my Lord, that instead of saying "you are a fool,"—"you are a d—d fool," would have been more to the purpose, and that he to whom you spoke, if he did not like it, you should have tipped him a clinker, and left the blackguards to row among themselves. You see as how, my Lord, I am secretary to our club, being the only one amongst us all who can write or read. You see, we meets twice a week at the Cat and Fiddle in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and we call ourselves "*the Devil's Darlings*," and are very tidy lads in our way, but up to every thing. Now Billy the Badger is our chairman, and hearing as how your lordship loved a little of our gab, he desires me to write to you, informing you as how your lordship was elected a member of the club at last meeting, and begging you to give us as early an attendance as you can.

Yours, obedient,

WILL SNATCH,

Secretary to the Devil's Darlings,
and Punch's show-man.

Club House, Dyot-street, March 27th, 1813.

THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.

THIS illustrious lady, the sister of the King and the mother of the Princess of Wales, departed this sublunary life on Tuesday, 23d instant; and it is said, and generally believed, that that melancholy event was precipitated by grief at the melancholy situation of her unhappy daughter—if so—this may be considered the first among the fatal consequences arising from the attempt at branding with infamy the character of the Princess of Wales; but we venture to predict that it will not be the last or the *least* unhappy result. It is not within the

meaning of our work, to notice events of this description, and should not upon this occasion have done so, but to shew to the world how *studied* are the insults offered to the mother of our national heiress ; to shew that there are malignant beings among us, of hearts so cold, so unrelentless, so full of acrimony and hate, that they can in the moment of suffering press new insults, new injuries upon the head bowed down by sorrow, and enjoy the agony which their malevolence has given birth to. Is it possible that the following questions can be answered in the affirmative ? We are told they will not be attempted to be denied—then let us blush for human nature—let us blush for the degradation of those who have wound up their malevolence to such a pitch that they cannot feel for a prostrate female, subdued, heart-broken, bowed down by affliction.

Is it true that Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the lady in waiting on the Princess of Wales, two days after the decease of the duchess, received two letters by the two-penny post, one from the Countess of Macclesfield, on the part of the Queen, the other from the Countess Dowager of Rosslyn, on the part of the Princesses—merely letters of inquiry ?

Is it true, that this was the only notice she met with at royal hands ?

Is it true, that my Lord Eldon, as the executor of the Duchess, sent a copy of the will of her royal mother to the Princess by the hands of a common servant, without any other notice than that Mr. Le Blanc was directed by the Lord Chancellor so to do ?

Is it true that the filial feelings of the Princess Charlotte prompted her to resist any preventative to seeing her royal mother, and that she pertinaciously adhered in her determination to dine at Blackheath ?

If these things are true, we have no observations to make—if they are not, let the writer be disgraced who issued them to the public.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,

On the Uses and Abuses of the Reasoning Faculty.

MY LORD,

IN addressing the most exalted peer of the realm, the next in rank to royalty itself: a personage, in whose veins the blood of the Howard flows in all its pristine purity; it will be expected of me, that I declare, *why* I select him as the individual appropriate to my subject; and *what* are the grounds on which I can consider him so. To those who intimately know your grace, who have witnessed your hours of relaxation, and joined in them, the enquiry will be natural; and to those who only know you by report, by the little familiar anecdotes of your Covent-garden gallantries, and the celebration of your bacchanalian orgies, speculation will be kept alive, as to the end of my address; but all, my lord, will unite that your rank in the state, the honors and extensive property you enjoy, and the great influence which you derive from these sources, are qualifications for my presumption—and as they place you like a meteor in view of general observation, you will be looked to as example! be heard as an oracle! and even the address dignified by your powerful name, will be read—will improve, and will reform.

I was led to the enquiry into the uses and abuses of reason, by the perusal of a very extraordinary narration of a sleepy person, in an old magazine. I had been familiar to your grace's society, and your conduct as a chairman; and I had invariably discovered a tendency to sleep in your grace, which so far from deprecating, I had rather approved of; and I must confess, I thought it a very *rational* and innocent enjoyment, not calculated at all to disturb the harmony of the company over which you presided; but of a nature so pacific, that had those parties themselves followed your grace's dignified example; many of the broils which I have witnessed would never

have occurred, and the day would have glided through unruffled and calm: the steady monotony only relieved by the whispering breath's escaping through extended nostrils, or struggling through half-closed lips, and varying their sound in proportion to the bulk of the sleeper, and position of his head.

How often have I dwelt my eye upon your grace's *peaceable* countenance; and with the following *pathetic* lines on my lips, and the tear of German sentiment in my eye—exclaimed

“ Would I were *yon* little doe,
How I'd frisk it to and fro,
When the moon-beam's silver light,
Glads the cheek of starry night;
But when Phoebus, hated ray,
Chace her pale cold light away,
Then to the Borough I would creep,
And revel in the arms of sleep.”

Nay, so violently am I at this moment enamoured of its quiet demeanour, that notwithstanding all I have read on the subject, I have your grace's semblance before me: even my fingers seem affected by the poppy-crowned god, and it is with difficulty I hold my pen—with as much—aye, as much as your grace will feel, if ever you attempt to peruse the whole of this communication. But, oh, my lord, with this very natural prepossession in favor of sleep; how has it grieved me to have read, and to continually be told that indulging in its quiescence, is an *abuse* of reason! and that its *use* is to controul its fascinations, and keep the mental nerve awake. Some writers and stoics, even venture upon the assertion, that man strongly gifted with the powers of reflection sinks below the brute by its disuse—that we are not framed for *self-enjoyment*; that it never was intended we should sacrifice the happiness of others to our own, and that forming a link in the great chain of creation, we operate as a dead weight upon the whole, by disregarding our

duties, and neglecting the exercise of reason—but the absurdity of these remarks I shall make very clear before I have done; and if your grace will only indulge me with your patience and attention for a few minutes, I shall have demonstrated it to such a nicety, that you may if you think proper, throw yourself back in your arm chair, and indulge in your propensity without the fear of being disturbed if it is to eternity.

My first position is that the right use of reason, as it is born; so, it ought to continue with us, without being constrained, controuled, or directed, and consists in a degree of taking food when animal nature requires it, in sleeping when those wants are satisfied, and obtaining every other incident of use and comfort as they are stimulated. Does not reason even in infant state direct us to withdraw our hand from the fire when it is burned, and do we not immediately obey it? If the nurse pinch us, do we not squeak, if we are hurt do we not squall, and if we are in want of a bauble do we not cry? Are not these the dictates of reason? They assuredly are, and if we perform these offices we are *rational* creatures, and make a right use of that noble faculty with which we are endowed.

My second position is, that arriving at mature growth, as the wants vary in a few instances from those of infancy, so reason should keep pace with the expansion of desire, and its use is to supply the various appetites which a state of manhood brings with it. What is the indulgence of a particular propensity, but the indulgence of our reason? it must be the effect of discrimination which leads a man to the society of one female in preference to another, and what is discrimination but reason? Do we not know when we are delighted, or when we are disappointed? Is it not reason that points out to us the different sensations? It is clear then, if we are gifted with that noble faculty for any specific purpose, it must be to direct us to the choice of pleasures which is its legitimate *use*; and if we curb or restrain those passions

of the soul, those sensual delights which germ with fancy, and give birth to appetite, reason never-failing us in pointing out the ready means of gratification—why then such restraint and curbing of desire must be the *abuse* of that faculty so desirable in man.

Now, your grace, it is notorious that your greatest enemy could never with any thing like justice, accuse you of perverting, abating, or desisting from any one desire, with whatever wildness concealed, in whatever mood fancied, or what circumstances or melancholy issues involving—no one can say of you, or illustrate by proof, that during your grace's long life you ever fell into such an *abuse* of reason as that which we have pointed out! No, in this your grace is immaculate; it is an invulnerable part of your character—defying stricture, smiling at detraction!

But surely, of all propensities no one is more natural than the one in which your grace is pre-eminent in indulging in, SLEEP—it is one absolutely necessary to the human frame, under the influence of which the mind, as well as the body, sinks into inanity, and thus obtains refreshment and strength: besides it is a quiet and easy enjoyment, very inoffensive, and highly conducive to the peace of society. In how much has the world at large to deplore the sleepless activity of Bonaparte, and the fretful ministers of monarchy—what reason characterizes their proceedings—is the world benefited by their restlessness, or is it not depopulated by their ambition? Now were the members of administration at home, the court of Alexander abroad, and Bonaparte himself at Paris, to indulge in your grace's somniferous doses after breakfast, after dinner, and after supper—who would have to deplore the horrors of war—where are the mothers would be crying out for their sons—where the widows weeping for their husbands—where the children seeking their fathers in the blood-stained field? O, there is much virtue in sleep, much *reason* in its indulgence! But to return to the old magazine: it informed me of a very *valuable*

member of society who far exceeded your Grace in the use of the beneficial, salutary, humane, and rational frequency of dozing, and for your grace's information I have extracted the following account of him:

“ In the year 1694, one Samuel Chilton of Finsbury, near Bath, who was shrewdly suspected to have slepped nearly the whole of the former part of his life, wearied of the daily labor of undressing, and going to bed, and rising, and dressing again; and seeing no *reason* why he should subject himself to troublesome conversation: mix with *restless* society, and conform to habits diametrically opposite to his inclination, came to the resolution of taking *a month's* uninterrupted doze; and accordingly on the 13th of May laid himself quietly down, and slepped till the middle of June. By the care and attention of his friends—victuals and drink was every day placed by his bed side, which continually disappeared, although no one saw him eat or drink; perhaps these functions were performed by proxy. At length, after the expiration of the period, he allowed himself for so favorite an indulgence, he rose, dressed himself, and pursued his usual avocations, and for the space of two years devoted himself to the ordinary routine of eating and drinking, and sleeping according to the custom of his neighbours; but on the 9th of April, 1696, he again determined on another relaxation, and extended the time to *seventeen weeks!!!* He went to sleep immediately after the sowing of the spring wheat, and awoke when the crops were ripe, and the husbandman was busily employed in getting in the harvest?—Oh, your grace, was not this admirable management—delightful state of torpor?—Was this plan more generally adapted, who could apply the old adage of, “ while the grass grows, the steed starves?”

I will not illustrate the advantage of sleep, by any further extracts from the case of Samuel Chilton; but I will ask in this place was he not a very harmless, *peaceable*, and inoffensive member of society? May we not

exclaim with the poet, "he was a man take him all in all: we shall not look upon his like again!" Engaged in no broils—no civil or political dissensions—breaking no man's peace—seducing no man's daughter, wallowing not in gross voluptuousness; he was the excellence of order in society, no man could raise his voice in his dispraise—now your grace, although by far the greatest sleeper in the circle of my knowledge, cannot boast so much or so many virtues; although somewhat tacit in your somnolent state, you are not altogether peaceable, having a great inclination to sound your own trumpet. And your waking hours are marked by little peccadilloes, which a Lord Chief Justice may probably find ample apology for; but which, however, do not pass current with the thinking community—but, my lord, you have *reason* for what you do, and the *use* of reason is the subject of my praise—what the heart pants for, let it enjoy—away with that restraint, which as it curbs cannot be natural. If a man thirsts for another's wife, let him have her if she is willing: what the soul desires that let it have, inclination is the child of nature, and what is natural cannot be contrary to reason, or if so it is very contrary to the opinions which your grace and I have formed on the subject.

Pleasures cannot disgrace man as they are the gift of divinity, and the incitement to them is the act of nature; then how can they be criminal? Ingenious sophists, whose business it is to torture meanings, and give puzzling definitions, have laid down rules for a conduct in society, as unnatural as their motives are mischievous—why should man be made to differ from the rest of creation?—why should he be framed with all his passions, that they may be restrained, with all his likings that they should be thwarted—I am happy to say your grace is impressed with very different sentiments; and by the free and open gratification of your desires, set at nought their rules—you eat—you drink—you debauch—you sleep with whom, when, and where you like; the censure

of the ignorant you are steeled against; and by the excellence of your discrimination, and the sound and wholesome exercise of your judgment, you may be justly said to live, for all the purpose for which you were created—YOURSELF!!! And that must surely be the only right use of reason! Is it not an insult, to be told that pleasure is by no means the end of human action, and that it ought not to be the rule of guidance—that man is *guilty* of eating, when he *ceases* to contribute to the order and end of creation—how absurd! equally as the daring assertion that man has no right to *live* who refuses to *work*, and that he can have no just claim to property who does not apply it to the noble uses for which it was granted. Now, your grace, woman is considered as the most valuable and dearest property of man. Who would like to give up his wife because he has ceased to *work*? and a question arises, whether an action of crim. con. would not restore her, or bring damages? Oh, your grace, adultery and fornication are, according to law, only *venial* misfortunes; but, according to nature, neither venial nor unfortunate—revel then in the lascivious wanton's arms—go to the night-cellar, and win her dear embrace; or over your bottle linger your careless hours; or sleep, sleep, noble duke—hang that somnient cheek upon your chest, and sleep for ever—and joy be with you—the chasm you create will be supplied, and however indifferently —————.

Your grace's obedient,

SOMNO.

PROSPECTUS OF THE BLUNDERBUSS,

(Concluded from page 233.)

HAVING very freely entered into the literary merits of the conductors of our magazine, let us now offer something in behalf of our Printer and Publisher. Mr. Male-

volus Sarcasticus demands our first consideration, and by entering into a few of the particulars of his early life, and tracing his progressive advance towards eminence down to the present time, we shall prove that we have been no less successful in the typographical department of our work than in the literary, and that our Blunderbuss is the very focus of talent. We had promised to offer no remarks on these gentlemen, concluding as a thing of course they would soon attain the pillory, and thus stand fairly before the public; but we have rethought ourselves, and come to the determination of stating their pretensions by an analysis of their former life and merits.

Mr. Malevolus Sarcasticus is a native of Ireland, the son of a mud-cabin host, residing in the neighbourhood of Rathmines, near Dublin; the father an honest Hibernian, fond of his darling country and his native whisky, reared young Malevolous in these attachments, and to his own pursuits of hedging, which he followed for several years tractably enough, but occasionally associating with the LIBERTY BOYS, who loved plunder better than work, and who assembling in large bodies, would set fire to stacks of corn—drive away cattle—murder peaceable inhabitants—and commit other outrages by way of testifying their love for their country, and advocating her rights—he soon imbibed their sentiments—thirsted for their glory—and aimed at becoming a chieftain of their bands—he discovered talents of no sickly growth—virtues of no dubitable standard—his perceptions were quick—his genius bold and daring—his mental energy, and his heart's firmness qualified him to the accomplishment of any act—it was not to be wrung by agony, or dissolved by tears, but wrought in the fires of the infernal, and, like steel, hardened to its utmost bent. He could apply the fire-brand to the hovel, and smile at the widow's tears; he could force the maiden's honour, and every deed at which revolting nature yearns could and has accomplished. Such a character as this, during the state

of a country's inquietude, was not likely to remain long in obscurity, it contained combustion that could not but explode, it was formed of the features of rebellion, and was soon called into action and a vigorous display of all its energies. Young Sarcasticus, however, wanted one qualification for preferment which impeded his way, a qualification seldom aimed at in Irish villages, that of reading and writing—it was a severe, though only a temporary drawback, for, much to his credit, he applied himself assiduously to its attainment, and soon accomplished it.

The marauding schemes of these daring brigands being materially frustrated by a troop of horse stationed at Rathfarnham, Malevolus Sarcasticus sought a nobler field of enterprize, Dublin:—thither he repaired, and by some means stumbled into a printing-office, where he progressively arose from the station of the humblest devil to the rank of editor of a republican print, notorious during the rebellions of 1798 and 1801, for marking out individuals as proper objects of assassination: he now grew into favour with beings of his own nature, and the horror and fear of those who entertained opposite principles; he published his daily anathemas against the state, and against the loyalists during the revolutionary struggles of the country, and stimulated the wretched peasantry to fresh exertions in the heartless cause in which they were engaged. At length rebellion was crushed, peace and good order was restored, and Mr. Malevolus now employed his pen in decrying the cruelties of the loyalists, in vehemently expatiating on the long and unmerited persecutions which the rebels had patiently endured, and pointing out certain persons as particularly active in executing the most tyrannic acts of cruelty and oppression. He at length found his way to the pillory, which sentence was carried into effect on Castle-hill, and after suffering two years imprisonment he shook the straws from his coat, turned his back on his country, and taking his passage on board the Castlereagh packet,

sought London as a more ready asylum for his genius, and as a better mart for the commodities he dealt in.

We shall not follow him through the various scenes of his life in London, or the subtle schemes by which he drew himself into notice. His success has been commensurate with his merit and industry, and his notoriety fully established. The frequenters of forums knew him as an orator; the Morning ——— as a writer; and Lord ——— as a libeller of the boldest class, one who dips his pen into the festering malice of his heart, and writes poisonous invective; who can torture facts into the most malignant shape; misrepresent in the most subtle and venomous manner; and weave the thin tissue tale of to-day into a web of the blackest fabric for to-morrow. As the Printer of the "*Blunderbuss*," we will ask who could we possibly have selected so eminently qualified for the performance of its various duties?—Will he not watch the press through its various stages, and prevent the publication of matter not strictly consonant with his views of satirical justice, or critical censure. His courage is not to be shaken by threats of *ex officio* informations, or the terrors of vapulation; the former he has endured with patience, and the latter his broad shoulders seem well qualified for; at any rate, having often endured the cat-o'-nine-tails, they are hardened against the severest of the lash, and may be reasonably expected to bear with future applications.

In Mr. Crabtree Canker, we have discovered traits of another species of genius, less bold and spirited, but not less serviceable to the cause in which he is engaged. Born and educated in a provincial town, not sufficiently far north to be quick-sighted, he nevertheless boasts a disposition compounded of malice, envy, and cold-blooded sarcasm. The features of his countenance express an attempt at cunning, although destitute of that shrewdness giving effect to it; he possesses a broad front, cadaverous and cold—his grey eye-brows scowl heavily over a febrile eye—his

broad forehead is indicative of intellectual vacancy, and his trembling lips quivering with a sneer, and pale with fretful jealousy and hate, bespeak at once that he wants for nothing but sense to be the thing he seems. Brought up a printer, he branched off into business in the neighbourhood of Aldersgate-street, where fancying that wealth and a banker's daughter were synonymous, he wedded a fair dame, and has gradually become the father of a few little Cankers, who are occasionally seen crowding round their daddy's knee; this gentleman will do us justice as a publisher: he is the very thing, hating the world because he feels his own incapacity in it—execrating talent, because he has sufficient judgment to discover what he *might* have been if he had possessed any himself. His residence is, as we before observed, at the *Bloated Toad*, in *Upas Lane*; but he will be found thoroughly harmless—his venom is not infectious.

Having thus laid before the public our very fair pretensions, and proved the superiority of our design over similar works, we beg leave to subjoin the following singular letter received from an impertinent correspondent, and take our leave. We should not have published the communication but to shew our sovereign contempt for it, and its antiquated author—it is a wretched, dull, and prosing epistle, and we may venture to say will never be read; but if so, it will be necessary to say we shall never regard the advice it offers, or imitate its imbecility—but, the letter—

SIR,

Understanding it is your intention of publishing a new monthly work, under the title of *Literary Blunderbuss*, I have taken the liberty of addressing these few lines to you, previous to your commencement—pointing out the great credit you and your work will derive by a candid and impartial review—at the same time pointing out the great advantage the republic of letters will derive by a judicious anatomy of every new work coming under your consideration; a fair censure of passages or principles that are wrong, a due praise of merit, but

always recollecting that the production and not the man lies before you for criticism. To become a genuine critic requires more than ordinary powers of discrimination, it is not he who rashly censures who reads and judges with a studied acrimony, but he who points out errors and mildly reproves them; not he who chills the growth of genius, but he who by gentle restraint corrects false taste, and leads by persuasive precept to the sacred groves of science. Such a task faithfully to perform is honorable to the head and heart. But disappointed authors are not, cannot be equal to the task: Circumstances too clearly prove they are not fit upon the score of judgment—for it is absolutely impossible for the venal to completely cry down a work of merit, and frustrated hopes leave very little room for confidence on the score of candour. Such offices should be filled by men of great literary attainments—whose time have been entirely devoted to the study of authors, to reading and not to original composition—such men, possessing an urbanity of heart, deliver their opinions with diffidence rather than acrimony, reprove rather than condemn, and where they discover genius, stimulates it to another trial. All literary pretenders must fall by fair criticism. It is a standard by which the dross will always be drained from the metal.—‘It is god-like to have power, but it is giant-like to use it like a giant.’ I shall in this place, Sir, relate, a few, among the many instances of the unhappy effects of the severity of criticism.

Pelisson in his History of the French Academy relates of a young man from a remote province who came to Paris with a play which he estimated as a *chef d’œuvre*, M. L’Etoile in the severity of criticism, loudly condemned, pointed out a thousand glaring defects with a coarseness that humbled the young man so much—he burnt his drama—returned home, and with a broken heart died. Another instance is of a young Parisian; extolled by his family and his friends as a man possessing uncommon talent. For a long time he had labored at a work upon which he built his hopes of fame—it appeared—was most unmercifully censured, the author laughed at and so derided that ashamed of his disgrace and being seen by those who had been so liberal in their approbation of his talents—he put a miserable end to his existence, and thus disappointed the hopes of a family in an only and a darling son. The death of Hawsworth is attributed to the severity of cen-

sure. The ill success attending his collection of voyages occasioned that sad catastrophe that deprived us of a man of great talent and his friends of a valuable companion. "There is nothing new under the sun!" is an old saying.—Invention has long since gone her range, the fields of literature are gone old and barren. Sterne says "there is nothing new." "It is all pouring out of one bottle into another." La Bruyere expresses himself—"All is said and we are come too late, men in different ages have reflected for these seven thousand years; all that is left for us, is to win the corn from the chaff of those that have lived before us." I have quoted the authorities of Sterne and La Bruyere to prove the difficulty of original composition in the present day, and the necessity of moderate criticism in consequence; I have adduced the proof of the death of two or three to prove that the sensitive cannot brook the galling reproof of erudite men whose censure would be at all times more effective by being mild. Let us judge with charity—a man without charity is like that cold insensible rock that receives the generous dews of heaven and continues sterile. Sir, having said so much, I shall take my leave, trusting that your *Blunderbuss* will become a very popular work, and that the beam of justice will never be biassed but by mercy. Yours, &c. &c.

*To the Editor of the
Monthly Literary Blunderbuss.*

PHILANTHROPOS,

It is an absolute waste of time to point out the glaring absurdities of this singular epistle—who is the author?—where can he have lived?—lived! where immured? and how long has he been shut out from an intercourse with society?—these are questions that must be solved ere we can discuss the subject. Was there ever so much nonsense jumbled together, and all about justice and charity, words positively obsolete in the language. Would not Lord Ellenborough say "Justice, where got you that fool's term."

"No more of that—an you love me, Hal?"

Shakespeare,

Justice is blind, hood-winked by a handkerchief of British manufacture, and the fabric place, pension, power

and prejudice. Crimes change their nature according to the party accused—thus adultery in middling life is a vice at once odious and destructive of public morals; but in a peer or prince it is a mere mischance, a trifling peccadillo undeserving of censure—libel, that dreadful fetter of a free press—that undefined terror, changes its horrid front under circumstances, and can be softened down by my Lord Chief Justice as occasion suits, or rallied up to the most dangerous color and complexion. Speak truth of a prince whose heart is the corrupt centre of every vice, in whose cankered bosom lives every abandoned passion, and the heaviest sentence of this tyrannic law is hurled upon the offender; but let the dirty state scribbler or the recreant editor of a morning print, devoted to infamy, and the services of apostacy, the hired Journal of state-jobbers—let this pandarising tool of arbitrary power spit his wretched venom on the enemy to oppression—truth is no longer a libel, and the lies he utters proceed only from an *honest* warmth! and ought not to be weighed in the scale against him!—Phogh, phogh—Justice! go home and con a better word, Mr. Philanthropos.——Charity; who feels it?—who dispenses it?—in what Saints' Kalendar can we find it personified?—in what class of society practised?—does it drop a tear upon misfortune?—does it plead for the offender?—does it stay the arm of power, or wipe the eye of affliction?—No—no—no—it may cross the beggar's palm with a coin of slender value, but is shackled from a wider range. The libertine father tears the mother from her child, separates the holy link that binds them—but no more—we cannot help suspecting the letter of Philanthropos to have been written in the 1738, instead of 1813; and that it was intended for the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine; it has no connection with modern times, and wholly mistakes the vein of modern literature—how would Mr. ——— and his meteors smile on the receipt of such a letter—absurd—absurd—satire, strong satire is the order of the day—if we

were to follow such advice, our Blunderbuss would explode with the first shot.

But to have done with digression and Philanthropos, we humbly take our leave of an indulgent public, looking forward to its favours as earnestly as we shall strive to deserve them, and begging leave to submit the following terms and conditions of publication ;

CONDITIONS.

First.—No. I. to be published on the first day of April, 1813, at the very low price of 2s. 6d. and to be regularly continued by a number on the first day of each succeeding month.

Secondly.—Each number to be printed by Mr. Malevolus Sarcasticus by a new type cast for the purpose on a fine wire wove paper, accompanied by an elegant caricature print, done in Gilray's best manner.

Thirdly. Each number shall contain not less than three mental murders, which the purchaser will perceive by comparing it with the price of the number will only be ten-pence a head, independent of the vast fund of miscellaneous abuse which will be found worth all the money.

Fourthly.—A good bribe will at all times purchase our silence.

Fifthly.—The public to have no security for the fulfilment of our promises.

Sixthly.—No doubt of success for the Monthly Blunderbuss, as it is the very spring and root of slander and malignancy, cannot fail of superseding the monthly vapors of Mr. ———.

Fashionable Biography. No. IV.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EMERALD STAR.

(Continued from page 113.)

AMONG the amusements of the people of the Green Isles, that of horse-racing attracted no minor attention, and pugilistic sports were much patronized, so much so, that the sturdy coal-heaver who could boast excellence in the boxing art, sat himself down as the associate of no-

bility, and an expert Jew of no better pretensions would claim his seat in a peer's curricie: it was not to be wondered at, that associating with men of gross habits, strong passions and bad principles, Emerald Star should become notorious on the turf, as well as at the gambling table, and that he should become the encourager of pugilistic sports. It was this encouragement which drew the art into a science, and brutalized the age in which he lived: having the sanction of the prince, this disgraceful *amusement* became attractive in the highest degree, and the art of boxing was at length considered as an indispensable accomplishment to form the character of a true gentleman. Nay, there were writers found who vindicated this sanguinary ruffian-like art, affirming it necessary to seasoning the youth of the Green Isles to a firmness of mind, as well as agility of body, or in other words, was admirably adapted to render them skilful in the science of offence or defence, and intrepid in the encountering of danger.

But the argument bears its own weakness on its surface—the national character could never be exalted by such efforts—such sports were degrading to them as a polite people, reducing them to a par with savages—let us scrutinize the question—let us ask what greater degradation civilized nature can witness than two human bloodhounds in savage warfare fighting for a purse!!! Exhausting their strength to gratify an assembled crowd—striking at each other with a ferocity, threatening death, while the multitude express their applause at the destructive hits of one or other, betting on the issue, and impatient at each blow. Left to our thoughts what would be our exclamation on witnessing such a sight, and finding that the prince of the country was its patron and abettor, and that he had large stakes on the issue!!! How should we exclaim?—language falls short of our feelings—we are silent.

To follow Emerald Star through all his amours, would be to perform a greater labour than would be generally

imagined—to enumerate those complying dames who bestowed their favors at request, would be to swell our narrative into a tedious and uninteresting length, and occupy a portion of the reader's time, which can be much better bestowed—suffice it that, lost in the estimation of an indignant people, for the practice of follies becoming every day more and more obnoxious, degraded among the nobility of the Green Isles, with the exception of those men who were by similarity of habit, and profligacy of sentiment attracted to his person, he was left open and undefended to the attacks of periodical writers, and their censure was but equalled by the public feeling, which was now generally excited against him—in the first fervor of distress, he complained bitterly of the asperity of the press, and loudly lamented the freedom of discussion, which the laws of the country secured to the public writer; the times were not arrived when those privileges were to be invaded, the last fetter of a free press had not been forged, nor the word LIBEL attained its utmost extension of meaning—he called for redress, and complained to his royal father, but a deaf ear was turned to his supplications, and the corrosive lash of satire, it was presumed, would be effective in reclaiming him.

At this period a circumstance occurred affecting the *honor* of Emerald Star, which occasioned great discussion among the people of the Green Isles; we before mentioned horse-racing as a principal sport among the nobility and gentry, and a highly favored amusement of the subject of our memoirs—now, although we are by no means inclined to contend in its defence, we are very little disposed to enter against it our protest, considering it of all fashionable pursuits, nearly the least objectionable: thus, then we shall be induced to view Emerald Star on the race-course, with complacency; we can see him surrounded by peer and black-leg, without reproving; for unless he tie himself up from public pleasures such must be his lot, for as various as the tints of color are the characters that resort to public places, and particularly those

sports, where the weak in intellect go to gratify the eye, and the keen sharper to bait for gold. Emerald Star kept the best stud in the Isles, his horses won every plate, and on this account few bets were made against him; but it happened that a favorite horse entered for a plate on two successive days, *lost* the first with apparent *hard running*, and *won* the second with *great ease*. Now it appears that few bets were made on the *first* day, but on the *second* they were negociated to a considerable amount, and the knowing ones were taken in.—It is said that Emerald Star netted a tolerable sum, and that it was a done thing between him and his groom—be this as it may, ugly reports were in circulation, and the turf-club, with a spirit characteristic of the Isles, voted him off the course; and thus a new edge was given to calumny, and Emerald Star sold his stud. It was now the policy of government that this noble-minded prince should take to himself a wife, that petticoat government should controul the volatility of his nature and repress propensities auguring but slender hopes of future good conduct—he was again over head and ears in debt, his resources were at the lowest ebb, and although but three and thirty his constitution betrayed a premature decay from voluptuousness of living. In any other country but the Green Isles, these are pleas which would very naturally have been advanced *against* marriage; but with those very good natured, thick-headed people, they were adduced as strong reasons *for* the nuptial state.

It was now asserted that Emerald Star expressed much aversion at the proposed change in his condition, but was over-ruled by considerations of public interest, and the alluring prospect of an enlarged establishment and the promise of payment of his debts; these were proposals, to be sure, which could not but confirm his choice; and to a man whose strongest earthly attachment was self-love, were calculated to draw him to a conclusion without canvassing propriety, or considering what were the pangs he was about to inflict upon the unfortunate fe-

male who was to be thus sacrificed. Wretched state of royalty!—to reform a prodigal!—to raise to the throne an heir to its honor!—for these purposes was a wretched Princess to be dragged from her country, her friends and relatives, to become a sacrifice at the shrine of greatness, and to pine—her own heart a desert—in the midst of pomp and surrounded by the luxury of shew and equipage.

“ I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.”

Matters were soon decided on, the ill-fated lady selected, and the arrangement for the bridal dinner completed. An ambassador was dispatched to bring the Princess bride from the court of her father beyond the seas which circumscribe the Isles, and a lady companion for her during her voyage.

Not to dilate upon a subject uninteresting but to the people of the Green Isles themselves, we shall digress a little to say something of the politics of the most exalted female in that favored country, and the schemes she practised to separate Emerald Star from Mrs. Fitzmuggins and to sever their attachment. The digression is necessary to explain after circumstances, and to account for a certain female ascendancy which was ultimately productive of the most serious consequences to the reigning family.

The queen of the Isles who had for a period of thirty-five years, preserved a notoriety for political scheming, and being at the head of a loudly talked of secret influence behind the throne, had long labored by every device she was the mistress of, to break the connection between Emerald Star and Mrs. Fitzmuggins: with a perfect knowledge of human nature she knew that open measures, instead of producing that effect, would but strengthen the attachment, and render more indissoluble the tie: thus she secretly pampered the known volatility

of her son—directed his pleasures, and threw into his way some of those beauties of her court who valued splendid vice and power above that modest virtue and soul of rectitude which confirms to its possessor that real influence which the sworn heart of guilt knows only in shadow. Among these polluted organs of her design was a lady, noble of birth, exalted in rank, fair of form, and insinuating in manners, she took her title from one of the Green Isles, but as the record is lost enumerating her titled honors, we shall be under the necessity of distinguishing her in these memoirs as the Right Honorable the Countess of Loosefish Isle—of Prostitution Lodge in the county of Sexual Desire, and Pander Hall in the vicinity of the Slough of Infamy. The Countess of Loosefish was the chief and willing instrument of the queen—possessing a form exciting universal admiration—cheeks glowing with a Cyprian tint, and eyes beaming with voluptuous desire—nature had moulded her to the very wishes of her suborner—her mind compounded of every vicious propensity, every subtle artifice, flexible to every suggestion of cunning, curious in the contrivance and execution of every project—she approached as near *perfection* as possibly could be expected in human nature, and succeeded in the schemes upon Emerald Star, gaining an ascendancy over him which she long preserved; she threw herself in his way on all occasions with such an artful address that she always excited favor and attention—she twined herself round his heart and became necessary to him—not only to his pleasures but his counsels—she sought his bed, and with such a fascinating voluptuousness of manner, that while she stimulated desire she never excited any unfavorable sensation or impression.

Having at length weaned Emerald Star's attachment in a great measure from Mrs. Fitzmuggins, it was generally believed that it had been transferred to the lovely countess; but the people of the isles were not at all acquainted with the character of Emerald Star; and Lady Loosefish herself, although as subtle as subtlety could be,

and eminently successful in all her devices upon him was materially deceived in his real character: he was incapable of a lasting attachment—his mind enfeebled by sexual and Bacchanalian orgies, and his body devoured by apathetic lassitude, those persons were necessary to him who aroused the enfeebled one, or stimulated the other, and thus they gained favour; but the ascendancy lasted no longer than their effects upon his passions remained—when they ceased, Emerald Star knew no difference of person or pretensions.

Now Lady Loosefish, who had ardently struggled against this fatal insensibility, and by the warmth of her caresses had always found favour, because she had invariably excited attention and stimulated desire, had deceived herself in the belief that *she* was the object of his admiration.

But to return more immediately to our narrative: having introduced Lady Loosefish to our readers, we have now to state this was the lady selected as the proper companion of the prince's bride, during her voyage to the Green Isles, as her friend and associate, and who was to impress upon her mind a happy opinion of the women and the manners of the nation. It will scarcely be imagined in Great Britain that in these isles of which we speak, luxury could have accomplished such rapid strides as to have enfeebled the national spirit, degenerated its characteristic virtue, and familiarized the public eye and ear to scenes and tales of voluptuous vice; considering in what seas situated, and how nearly bordering on those barbarous northern coasts, teeming with wintry cold and wretchedness, where it would appear the common wants of nature could be hardly satisfied; it admits of singular conjecture: but let us explain—the intercourse of the people with the south-western nations, where the warm rays of the sun calls forth voluptuous indolence,—the singular fertility of the isles—the industry of the labouring community, annually gathering mines of wealth to the government, and enabling it to support in indolent

ease thousands of pensioners and sinecure placemen: these were the combining causes which imported the luxury we speak of, which ruined the constitution of Emerald Star, which raised up a swarm of fattening locusts about his person, which enervated the people, and finally ruined the country.

Oh, wretched and degenerate people; how could ye witness this profligate mistress of Emerald Star, this abandoned counsellor, quit your shores upon a mission of so much importance to your future welfare? Was there no woman of virtue in your isles—no woman of dignity and character who could be spared to bring home your future queen? but let us deplore with you, wretched Princess, with you whose virtue was thus insulted—with you who was thus associated with the impure of your future husband, who was thus early sacrificed to a designing woman.

Unhappy lady, here commenced all your future sorrows—here was the seed sown to ripen to your destruction—charmed with the softness of her manners, and the elegance of her attention, you saw not the sand-banks over which you was gliding—the nets that were laid to entangle—as the syren lures to ruin, so you were the victim of insinuating manner, and the poison that lurked beneath the honey of her tongue.

Lady Loosefish departing upon her mission, as soon as she arrived at her destination, and had been introduced to her fair charge, began to study the character of the young Princess, and from time to time reported to Emerald Star prejudicial accounts, which as the thing was too far gone could not prevent the marriage, but which was well calculated to produce unfavorable impressions prejudicial to matrimonial harmony.

At length the time arrived when this ill fated Princess landed on the shores of the Green Isles, and was introduced to Emerald Star—surrounded by the gaities of a luxurious court, flattered by the attentions of those who servilely sought her favor, the recollections of her country, her

parents and friends became less painful, and she looked forward to her nuptials as the dawn of a new and happy era—that day approached—it came, and was ushered in with every ceremony the occasion required. The rejoicings sunk deep to her heart as happy presages of future times. The matrimonial knot was tied—she circled her finger with a serpent bond and obligation, with it she received and uttered a sacred vow—but in the serpent folds was concealed a secret and malignant poison, poignant and certain, slow but subtle in its effects, more deadly than the cold torpedo's benumbing touch—insinuating and lingering.

Emerald Star was a husband according to law, he had long been so according to ceremony, and we have now to view him exercising the prerogatives of lordly man—domesticating with his bride—stimulating new hopes in the people, or eternally sinking in their estimation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONTINUATION FROM

“Characteristics,” or “Sketches from Nature.”

THE GOVERNOR, OR VICEROY.

Lo ! yon plump satrap ! Mark his idiot gaze,
With pendent watch-chain as he idly plays ;
And, while your piercing vision vainly seeks
Some trait of feeling on his blubber cheeks ;
And, while you, wondering, note his vacant stare,
His flushing visage, and embarrass'd air ;
And list his faltering words, in hopes to reach
Some mark of wisdom in his stammering speech ;—
Can you forbear your doubting sense to ask,
“ Is this a being, for the weighty task,
To rule a province ?—on his puny breath
Suspend the mighty poise of life and death ?
Maintain those laws, whence Britain's glory springs,
And personate the first of Europe's kings ?”

Let such a being flutter with a fan ;—
 Whisper gay nonsense to some *Lady Anne ;
 His flattery with address sufficient point,
 To put her husband's nose more out of joint
 Of sable Venuses th' Adonis stand ;
 But never, never rule a suffering land !
 Let him with H—r—k's *rib of fat* intrigue ;
 Her *good man* blind by preconcerted league ;
 Keen for th' experienc'd fair, and void of proof, }
 Without " ev'n puppy N—p—r" pad the hoof, }
 To her convenient bower,—behind the *Kloof* ! }
 So Jove forsook his thunder, and his skies,
 To cuckold—like our Viceroy—in disguise ;
 Who—of love's sports to give his wh-r-s their full,
 Becomes an *ass*, as Jove became a *bull* ;—
 Tho' each complains, that to her "*secret bower*,"
 He ne'er descended in a "*golden shower* !"
 Yet Jove—I ween—in mute amazement sunk,
 Ne'er star'd to see his Sultana, drunk ;
 As late at H—r—k's ample bosom, bared,
 Our Viceroy star'd, and blush'd—and blush'd, and stared ;
 When mid " corrilal frail ones," warm with flip,
 She drank, and show'd too much, in St-p-rd's ship !
 Let him with B—mg-rdt's virtuous spouse coquet ;
 Young Al-x-nd-rs, on her daughter get ;
 Then send th' unblushing w——e to Ganges' banks,
 To teach soft Asian maids, love's luscious pranks ;
 While her frail child bears in her teeming womb,
 An embryo—conqueror, stern Napoleon's doom ;
 Who—in time's process,—should the bastard thrive,
 May Al-x-nd-r's name in Inde revive :

* In Venus' wars poor *Shaddow* lost his nose,
 And—dolorous indeed the fatal loss is
 To Lady Anne ;—who zealously bestows
 A new protuberance for the old proboscis !
 For—due benevolence, and spousal rapture,
 When now—no more her " noseless lord" could share ;
 Young Caledon, a mushroom lordling, trapp'd her,
 And gave poor *Shaddow* a plump son and heir !!!

Not his, who conquer'd kingdoms in a trice,
But his, who thousands starv'd, "the man of rice;"
While ev'n the *little*, like the *great*—of yore,
May boast, "his mother was a serpent's wh-re!"

"THE COLONIAL SECRETARY."

View next a "kindred soul!"—Soul did I say?
Without a soul,—a shapeless lump of clay,
Ponderous, and huge;—to egotism inclin'd,
"A vast calf's bladder, fill'd with noisome wind;"
Still prone with self—your patience to assail;
Self—the prime hero of each fulsome tale!

"When I was chairman of the ways and means,
I was engag'd in most important scenes:
With "*Pitt*" himself I once had warm debate;
('Twas the third parliament in which I sate!)
And, altho' "*Pitt*" in argument was strong,---
He granted, "*I* was right, and *he* was wrong!"
"No man then look'd upon me as a gander;---
I then was honest Harry Al-x-nd-r;---
And, tho' some persons now my talents slight,
I'd have them understand, "I too can write!"
When I was younger,---(now I'm fifty-six!)
I was most deeply vers'd in politics;
And---in my temper was so cursed hot,
That *once*—quite thro' the body I was shot!"
But now, that I am more advanc'd in life,
I've quitted politics, and tak'n a wife;—
With whom,—(glad from such bustle to escape,)
I sit down, "secretary at the C—pe;"

"Lo! Al-x-nd-r,—nam'd the "*pig*,"
A secretary, gross, and big;
Whose carcase huge to guard from hurt,
He wears beneath his unchang'd shirt,
A sev'n fold shield,—bull's hide, and dirt!
Who, tho' long used to nightly stripping,
And in "Spring Gardens' rivers" dipping,
To cleanse the *Æthiop* vainly thinks,
Envelop'd round with filth, and stinks;—
A bloated mass of fetid scum,
Noisy, and empty, as a drum!"

Where she, good creature! scrubs away my dirt,
 And makes me, almost daily—change my shirt!
 For—sooth to say,—I erst was so obscene,
 I needed “*Rivers*,”—to absterge me clean!
 But now, I am so free from dirt and spots,
 That I pass muster ’mongst the Hottentots!—
 And ev’n the Dutch own “I’m a portly man,—
 And plump, as a Batavian African!”
 To me—fat burghers, and lean *subs* resort;
 I give good dinners, and a skin of port!
 To Alexandria flava they repair,
 Once called Green Point,—tho’ now no *point* is there,
 Save when my cousin deigns with us to sit;
 And he and I contend in clumsy wit:
 For tho’ my cousin is a “*toward lad*,”
 He sometimes roasts me, till I’m nearly *mad*;
 Persists to banter, till the audience tire,
 And almost all my fat is in the fire.
 Yet on the whole, we tolerably agree,
 And manage public matters to a *T*;
 Carve for ourselves, and our subservient herd,
 The Fox, old R---n---v---ld,—the vulture, *Bird*?
 Zorn Bruin;—spaniel K---lly, and so forth?
 But turn our backs on stubborn truth, and worth?
 Let it for dinner—cube, or square roots carve,
 And, since it will not deign to flatter,—*starve*!
 Such is the system, which our interest suits;—
 By which we rule the C—pe, and glean its fruits;—
 For, tho’ at home we were but “*abject things*,”
 Yet, at the C—pe, “I, and my cousin are kings!”

Ye sages, who preside o’er Britain’s realm!—
 Ye statesmen, who direct her staggering helm;—
 Say,—should such beings, power viceregal sway?
 Such men as *these*, should suffering lands obey?—
 That, as a petit-maitre formed to shine;
 At Sappho’s toilet spread “*pommade divine*”;
 The hour, with trifling chit-chat to beguile;
 And flatter folly, with a simpering smile!
 This,—skill’d a kitchen’s business to o’erlook;
 And act—by turns—the butcher or the cook;

To gorge,—to swill,—to puff,—his highest bliss;
And gobble *beauty*,—with a “greasy kiss!”

Heav’ns! what a pair, in awkward state to ape
The first of kings, and statesmen,—at the C—pe,
In self-conceit, “*fac similes*” to sit
Of Britain’s *George* and her immortal *Pitt*!

A CENTURION.

(*To be continued.*)

Fashionable Biography. No. V.

THE MEMOIRS OF A MARQUIS.

In writing biography a genealogy is considered almost as necessary an ingredient as the pedigree of a horse under the hammer of Mr. Tattersall—according to this prescription of custom it will be expected of us that we fill at least two pages of the genealogical particulars of our present subject; but as we ourselves feel no extraordinary interest in, who were the ancestors of the noble marquis?—who aunt Bridget married, or who aunt Deborah, or into what various streams this ancient blood strayed?—we shall content ourselves, and we trust the reader, by stating his honors, his titles, his manors, and the much more interesting particulars of his valuable life. We shall not localize him, or state him of any known country, even his very titles shall be fiction, and every thing the reader pleases—for if we are too particular some heavy-headed cornuto, whose spreading antlers stultify his better judgment will take the hint to himself—rub his horned brow fretfully, and apply the long-robed dispensers of the law for an unction to dissolve them.

The Marquis of Hartshorn, the subject of our present memoir, is notorious in the country which gave him birth; but as the word notorious is of doubtful significa-

tion, or rather indefinite in itself, we will briefly state for what he was notorious when we arrive at the proper place ; in the interim, we will look at him in his leading-strings, and here again we must digress, that we may be compleatly understood in our meaning—we will begin of course according to the system adopted by all writers of memoirs, and our first enquiry will be into the incidents of the noble marquis's *first* infancy, and examine him waddling in his *first* leading-strings ! Descended of a good old stock, considered immediately on his birth as the peg on which the family honors was to hang—the ox was roasted and the ale was drank that had been for years ripening in the family cellars, and the cawdle flowed in brimmed bowls to the lady's welfare and the infant's future greatness.—Fed out of a golden pap-boat, it was early observed that this family cloak-pin would fasten his young gums upon the rich metal with earnestness unusual, and fix his gloating eyes upon it with more rapture than such infant state could be considered capable of, and there were those who shrewdly prognosticated that he would thrive in a love of wealth to the exclusion of every other attachment.

We know not when he cut his first tooth, or when his noble limbs were first committed to the ground ; nor have historians told us any thing of any remarkable vivacity of wit in his first mumblings of his native language : these are particulars which the erudite may probably wish to see preserved ; but as we have been wholly unsuccessful in our attempts at gaining information on such important points, we must content ourselves with narrating what was more easily attainable. As a boy of ten he was considered dull, sombrous, and but little benefited by scholastic discipline ; as a lad of sixteen and a college student, he betrayed no more mental energy than is the characteristic of noble birth ; but it was observable that he never strayed into any of those expensive pleasures which his companions indulged in, and although he possessed his predilections, they were seldom or ever gratified at the expence of his pocket.

At the age of twenty-one he married, and shortly after came to all the honors of the family—possessing but one talent, that of artful insinuation, and which emanated from designing selfish views, he contrived to make the most use of it, and having sufficient understanding to see that by siding with the strongest party, he lent it a preponderating weight serviceable to himself peculiarly, he came to as quick a decision as the expert arithmetician who spontaneously cries out two and two make four, and linked himself with the administration of the country—but the tie was mutually that of interest—it was cemented by no reciprocal sentiment, by no congeniality of views, excepting that of sordid interest on the one side, and of security of place on the other.

Destitute of any one feeling of principle, exalted in rank but debased in soul, every channel to his heart guarded by avarice, this noble marquis lent himself a willing tool to state corruption; his over-charged coffers sweating with the gold he had accumulated and still thirsting—it was no wonder to see him supporting the most flagrant measures of a vicious ministry, and his own breast was steeled against the universal deprecation which waited upon his name.

After giving birth to a son, sharing for a few years the honors of her *noble* husband, bearing with the humors of a domestic tyrant, and her ears being daily tortured with the ignominious tales in circulation against the father of her child—the marchioness yielded up her blessed spirit—whether her heart preyed upon by reports against her domestic partner, or that her conflicts were too great and too often repeated against the exercise of tyranny, it is said it broke, it was rent in twain—and she fell an early victim to the malignancy of an unfeeling and insensible man.—The marquis no longer deplored her loss than a cold sacrifice to outward shew absolutely required, for wholly insensible to the merit of excellence or the purity of innocence, and alive only to that sordid gratification, interest, the debased feeling of

a contracted heart, he was soon observable again on the town—again on the scent for opulence and power. And providing for another female to obtain an addition to his fortune by.

His son grew up a thriving plant from the parent stem, improving on the vices of his father; his heart although not thoroughly narrowed into the limits of the marquis, possessed all its bad properties invigorated by other vices more dangerous to the community—more abandoned—more profligate—it was never said that the Marquis of Hartshorn laid insidious snares to delude the dazzled female; no—however vicious his inclination—he valued his purse too much to risk the cost—but the son, the gay Lord Viscount Herringpond, he as he grew into years of maturity became notorious for libidinous desires, and was execrated for the means he took to gratify them.—The Marquis of Hartshorn was never celebrated for driving four-in-hand, and dashing with huge red whiskers in Rotten-row; but the son ranked nearly first in the club of elbow squarers, with huge box coat, reins in hand, and horses in full trot, “he’d tip the Jehu’s hehe-up,” knew the gab of the cad to the top of the slang, and could delight and astonish the kiddies of the whip.—The Marquis of Hartshorn was never celebrated for crying seven’s the main—but Lord Herringpond knew how to cogg a die.—The Marquis of Hartshorn never betted at a boxing match; but Lord Herringpond knew the odds at the first round, could direct a ‘cross buttock,’ or where to ‘plant a hitt.’—The Marquis of Hartshorn never was celebrated at a race-course; but Lord Herringpond was notorious in every use and acceptance of the word—up to every thing!

At length the marquis by his skill and ingenuity was enabled to entrap a fair lady into the silken bond of Hymen, a lady not less frail than fair; and equally succeeding in a matrimonial speculation between his son and a very wealthy Miss *Fanny Italiani*, Lord Herringpond appeared in the gay world with an establish-

ment of his own; but that gallant lord having no further connection with our memoirs, we shall dismiss him for the present, as it is probable we may have occasion to sketch his portrait upon the canvass on a future occasion, when it will be our object to sketch it more faithfully. As we are about to say something of the marchioness, we shall offer the same apology for the omission of her pedigree, we did for the noble marquis; but we hold it our duty to confess that as far as regards the lady, pedigree is an omission not so satisfactory to the reader, who will be naturally led to inquire into the purity of her blood, and whether her ancestors were good breeders.

As the honourable ——— she had long sported in the gay world, the toast of every coxcomb, who had told twenty years, a voluptuous figure and a fair complexion, were amorous indications; but those charms were heightened by a gaiety of manners, a rogueish blue eye, ever beaming with love and desire, cheeks mantled with a rosy flush, lips humid with the honey-drop's sweetness—hair of the most delicate auburn, straggling over shoulders, adorned the most being unadorned—bosom heaving to the delights of pleasure, soft as the cygnet's down, and fair as nature in her most amorous moments could frame to ensnare the enraptured heart of woman-bewildered man: such was her external, and to obviate the loss of those delights, which so much beauty had it in its power to yield—nature had framed her soul fully as voluptuous as her figure, and planted the language of her complying heart in the soft but inviting expression of her eye—this lady having long wished to toy in her maidenhood, found her virtue a most troublesome thing; but marriage appeared almost unattainable, for few wished to be wedded to so much beauty, so much compliance,—on any other terms indeed: ——— and among her train of followers it was generally credited that some few had her promise, in case the marriage ceremony should ever be performed.

It will be said the marquis was a bold man—no—he knew how to make his market—she had money—and he knew a handsome woman for a wife was a very marketable commodity, and a sure foot-step to power—his proposals were no sooner made than accepted, and from the hymeneal altar he led her to his noble mansion, where she assumed the prerogative of mistress. Ushered into the fashionable world as the Marchioness of Hartshorn, the mistress of 80,000*l.* per ann. her levees were well attended, she had money and charms to dispense, and the summer flutterers swarmed around her person, but she had a nobler card to play.

The marquis now in the vale of life, impotent and old, and wedded only to the accumulation of money—knew the inconstancy of his dame without mumuring, indeed witnessed it with indifference: avarice had absorbed every feeling of his heart; and so sunk, so degraded was this wretched man, that he *sold* the favors of his wife—let her out as farmers do their cattle, for profit—sinking to dotage, and no longer capable of exertion, he nevertheless was ruled at home, and was no longer master but of his coffers; but he delighted in his chains, greatness grew out of them, honors and riches flowed upon him—for a great man of the nation, from whom all honors flow, who sits at the head of power and wills it to his creatures, this great man beholding the marchioness, was enamoured of her beauty, and thirsted for her possession—this was the very acme of the marquis's wishes; his soul roused to new energy, he became the servant of the great man, and led his wife to his master's bed; he threw her upon every occasion in his way, and she so well succeeded in her schemes that the great man became her slave, her willing slave, and her word was law. Pensions, place, and power fell into her lap, administrations were formed by her command—Military and naval appointments first received her sanction ere they were conferred, and even a war, it was presumed, would owe its existence or terminate at her nod.

There are those, we know, who will wonder and disbelieve—but let them look around the world—they shall find such a man! such a woman!!! and such a ruler!!!

The Marquis of Hartshorn is the man of whom it may justly said, he sold his wife to enrich himself—he ate and drank her, and made her the footstool by which he arose to power.

The Marchioness of Hartshorn is the woman—who destitute of every sense of shame, even the covering of vice, held her person at the service of ———, and by her intrigues gained an interest and influence destructive to the happiness and liberties of millions.

The ——— is the ruler, who bloated by debauchery, prematurely old and infirm by rash and voluptuous enjoyment, debased in gentlemanly honor, and degraded in popular opinion, sought the lascivious wanton's arms to lull reflection—to rouse him from the lassitude of worn-out nature, and stimulate the flagging sense; a lascivious glutton who had early sacrificed all the inherent treasures of the human mind, who found himself at the age of ———, without a friend, without an admirer—surrounded only by those who catering to his infirmities, secretly robbed him soul and body.

THE SCARCITY OF MONEY PROVED TO HAVE
NO EXISTENCE.

SIR,

It is so fashionable to complain of the *want of money* and the poverty of the times, that a cursory observer would be apt to suppose, that the general lamentation was founded on truth, and that the people of this great commercial country were absolutely in a state of comparative indigence and destitution. It is common to hear commercial men, as they converse on the Exchange, or in coffee-houses, assert that credit was never so bad, that

capital was precarious, that the course of exchange is such as must inevitably lead to no very distant ruin; the shopkeeper complains of the pressure of taxes, the annuitant laments the enormous rise in all the luxuries of life, and the man of moderate fortune declares that it is impossible to retain his accustomed station in society with any sense of justice to his children. Even the possessors of extensive wealth contemplate the possibility of its ultimate loss, or depreciation in the commercial distractions of their country, and no longer disdain to chuse profession for the younger members of the family. The professions alone, admit that they have no just reason to complain; the fees of the lawyer and physician, and the tythes of the divine, are yet progressive, and are likely to swallow up at no very distant period all the *superfluous* wealth that may be floating in the country.

From extensive and minute observation, I am disposed, however, to believe that there is more of affectation or unreasonable discontent than of truth in this general complaint of the scarcity of money; and as the subject is of considerable importance both to those who are in actual possession of the good things of this world, and to those who participate in the real wants of their more indigent neighbours, I beg leave to suggest a few observations that may possibly induce you to draw the same conclusion with myself.

From what source, Sir, proceed the amazing fortunes amassed by the luminaries of the law, and even by the special pleaders and inferior retainers in our courts of justice. To whose purse is the Chancellor indebted for 20,000*l.* a year, exclusive of his regular salary? Whence do the proctors in our courts of admiralty and ecclesiastical law derive the means of supporting their splendid establishments? Through whose beneficence are so many idle and independent *chamber council* enabled to retire on moderate fortunes? Are not the country houses of our counsellors decisive proofs of the abundance of superfluous cash that flows from the pockets of their clients

into their own? The sum total of litigation will always be in proportion to the quantity of money of which individuals are able to risk the loss in the search of more; and since the business of the court of chancery is so much increased, that a vice-chancellor is absolutely necessary in order to facilitate the regular progression of business, though even now, a suit of twenty years duration will not be uncommon; it is plain that we are a richer people, with more money to squander in useless litigation, and for the benefit of the lawyers, than any preceding generation.

In former times every class of society except the highest was content with obtaining a decent livelihood by honest and long continued perseverance in business. They husbanded with care what they had obtained by assiduity, and were content to enjoy the fruits of a life of labour, in the decline of honourable age. But at present every man must spend a fortune before he has obtained one; striplings drive their gigs or barouches, and keep their girls before they have a penny of their own, and bankrupts sport the external indications of the most luxurious extravagance.

When young men of our days set out in life, it is not to gain a *competence*. They despise the word, and would be still more offended if you supposed them to have nothing more in view than the necessaries of life, and the credit which follows industry and economy. Nothing less will satisfy them than a fortune; and one infallible recipe in their opinion for getting a fortune, is to appear as if they had already got one. Hence the side-board of plate, the *suite* of rooms, and of servants, the town house, and the country house, the carriage and the blood-horses, the turtle and venison dinners, and the French wines given to our *superiors*, and at which our *superiors* laugh, and wonder in what manner our extravagance will end.

The spirit of business, of regular trade, of established and practical commerce, is at an end. The process is too slow for those aspiring youths; nothing must be leisurely,

gradual, and according to the old-fashioned rules of trade. The spirit of adventure presents a more expeditious and inviting mode; a mode of gaining a fortune therefore with rapidity, called by some speculation, and by others dashing, is resorted to; and because such experiments have been known to succeed about once or twice within the compass of many years, they must be preferred to all that is safe, open, honourable, and regular.

In this short space if little is done that accords with the honest endeavours of trade, a good deal is performed that is dazzling and deceptive. Some arrive at city honors; and the sporting of a gilt chariot for a single year, gives the idea of accumulated wealth; others force themselves into parliament, by means of borough-mongers, whether noble or plebeian, and the venerable names of magistrate and senator, are disgraced by becoming the disguisers of sharpers by trade, and bankrupts in prospective.

But yet, Sir, the career of these individuals affords a full exemplification of my first assertion, that we have money in abundance. If the country were reduced to the state of indigence, that is usually imagined, how would the regular merchant, or the proprietors of splendid houses, and the manufacturers of golden and silver sideboards, be enabled to afford them credit, and to sustain the ultimate loss of their property, without immense fortunes in reserve? The houses and the plate actually exist, though they may change their possessors; and such are the riches of the country, that it can exist in splendor, while so large a proportion of its wealth is a *dead stock* in the hands of luxurious and insolvent individuals. Let us not blame these speculators too severely: there is something in their plan, for which they deserve the gratitude of the public. Their career, though dazzling, is short; the translation from gilded carriages to commissioners, and from the senatorial bench to the bar of the Old Bailey is *rapid*; and if it be their fault to begin where they should end, it must at the same time be acknowledged,

that they begin what they very soon end; and that there is something in their end which accords with our best notions of distributive justice.

I shall not at present, appeal, Mr. Editor, to the Bible societies, and the stoves of Count Rumford, for any further proof of my position; but shall conclude, lest you should mistake the tenor of the preceding letter, by informing you, that the *money* to which I allude is not the heavy and inconvenient bullion of our fore-fathers, but the light, convenient, and omnipotent *paper-money* of Mr. Pitt.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XVIII.

Horace in London; by the Authors of the Rejected Addresses. 6s. Miller. 1813.

ONLY two months have elapsed since we took an opportunity of paying our just tribute of applause to the wit and eloquence of *Rejected Addresses*, and though the productions before us are not entitled to the same degree of praise, they would have elevated into immediate notice any less celebrated versifier. The versification is in general fluent, animated, and sonorous; the imitations apposite and felicitous; the subjects judiciously selected; and the sentiments those of the scholar and the gentleman. The chief fault of the work is its exuberant puns; every passage is a quibble; and Theodore Hook himself was never more delighted by a jingle of similar sounds than *Horace in London*. It must be confessed, indeed, that many of these attempts are singularly happy, and in their appropriate places would obtain their due share of critical approbation; but we expect from *Horace* something better than epigrams, and verbal witticisms; and though we admire the jokes of Messrs. James and Horace Smith we lose our risibility in our surprize when they are spoken in the person of an ancient classic.

The ode on Lord Elgin's dilapidation of the Parthenon at Athens, is written with considerable force of sentiment and expression; but the indignation of the poet is surely disproportionate to the offence committed. With all due submission to Lord Byron, we think that it is better to retain some fragment of that celebrated structure, even though it should have been obtained by the mutilation of the edifice, than that the whole of the structure should have been left, for another year, in the hands of barbarians, and exposed to the rapacity of French adventurers. Nor can we admit, that Lord Elgin had defaced the Parthenon, even without enriching his own country, would have deserved the infliction of censure in language like the following :

“ Poets unborn, shall sing thy impious fame,
And time from history's eternal page,
Expunging Alacio's and Homer's name,
Shall give to thine alone pre-eminence of shame.”

We shall continue our extracts by the subjoined imitation of “ *Solvitur acris hyems,*” &c.

BRIGHTON.

“ Now fruitful Autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted park few cambric muslins brighten,
The dry machines revisit ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for Brighton.
The cit foregoes his box at Turnham-green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite,
Phœbus the tanner plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.
Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons,
Nankeen of late were worn, the sultry weather in,
But now so will the Prince's Light Dragoons,
White jean have triumphed o'er their Indian brethren,

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
 Intent alike to please the London glutton,
 This for our breakfast offers shrimps and prawns,
 That for our dinner South-down lamb and mutton.
 Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
 Visits alike the cot and the pavilion,
 And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains,
 My half a crown, and Baring's half a million.
 Alas ! how short the span of human pride,
 Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone,
 Convello's coach that carries four inside,
 Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.
 To circulating novelists adieu !
 Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten,
 Billiards begone, avaunt, illegal loo,
 Farewell ! old ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton.
 Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
 Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places,
 Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
 On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

The hint of the following parody may have been taken
 from many similar attempts in the periodical publications.

Integer vitæ, sceleritque purus.

The pauper poet, pure in zeal,
 Who aims the muse's crown to steal,
 Need steal no crown of baser sort,
 To buy a goose, or pay for port ;
 He needs not fortune's poison'd source,
 Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
 Whether by Newgate lie his course,
 The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold-bath-fields ;
 For I whom late *impronsus* walking,
 The muse beyond the verge had led,
 Beheld a huge bum-bailiff stalking,
 Who stared, but touched me not, and fled.
 A bailiff, black and big like him,
 So scowling, desperate and grim,
 No lock-up house, the gloomy den
 Of all the tribe shall breed again.

Place me beyond the verge afar,
 Where alleys blind, the light debar,
 Or bid me fascinated lie,
 Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye;
 Place me where spunging-houses round,
 Attest that bail is never found;
 Where poets starve who write for bread,
 And writs are more than, poems read,
 Still will I quaff the muse's spring,
 In reason's spite a rhyming sinner;
 I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
 And sometimes whistle for a dinner.

We shall conclude our extracts by a composition,
 equally deserving of notice for its subject and its manner.

TO ROMEO. *Rectius vives, Sicini, &c.*

Sound Romeo, sound a win retreat,
 For though the town's applause is sweet,
 Its hiss is dire and horrid;
 Nor when you give the boards the slip,
 And change the truncheon for the whip,
 Pave Pall-mall with your forehead.

Philosophy nor wastes nor spares,
 Starves not to benefit his heirs,
 Nor spends his all in riot;
 Dines not at nine a duke to meet,
 Nor dives at one in Dyot-street,
 For ordinary diet.

When ice encrusts the slippery bank,
 The tallest fall with heaviest spank,
 (The bard who writes has felt it)
 The bolt that strikes thy dome, St. Paul,
 Sweeps o'er the cobbler in his stall,
 And leaves his wax unmelted.

When caution's doublet cloaks the breast,
 We fear the worst, we hope the best,
 Last Wednesday seemed a dry day,
 But Jove pour'd down a waterfall,
 That spoilt our party to Vauxhall,
 What then? We went on Friday.

Would you contentment's bower approach,
Walk, or when cloudy call a coach,
When Sirius rages boat it;
When quizzers roast you, silent sit;
And when admirers hail your wit,
Suspect Joe Miller wrote it."

The extensive circulation of the *Rejected Addresses*, and the regular publication in the *Monthly Mirror* and the *Theatrical Inquisitor* of the greater number of the poems that are now collected, have already procured for their authors a reputation for wit, that is seldom obtained but after a long career of literary success. We should be sorry, however, to witness the future devotion of the talents and the learning they possess to trivial and desultory efforts. The admirable preface to the work before us, affords sufficient evidence that in the graver paths of criticism they would not be less successful than in the idler walks of humor and burlesque. We hope, therefore, that in the course of another season, it may be our duty to welcome their enrolment among our classic dignitaries; and they may rest assured that we shall forgive them any thing but silence.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER.—No. XIV.

THE opinion of French invincibility, an opinion that had a powerful tendency to produce its own confirmation, has at length been overthrown by the destruction of Napoleon's army, and the liberation, by his victorious enemy, of the independent states of the continent. While, therefore, we are taught by the observation of recent occurrences, to regard the former successes of the French, as owing to other causes than the physical superiority of their armies, it may not be useless to enquire into the actual peculiarities of discipline and organization, that so long secured them in evitable victory.

The philosopher discovers the source of the gigantic progress of Bonaparte, in the weakness of princes and the corruptions of nations; to these causes was the tyrant indebted for a considerable share of his triumphs; but he owed them chiefly to the exclusive possession of that military art which an unprecedented war of twenty years, had brought to the highest perfection.

The long resistance of the French to all the attacks of the allied powers can never be forgotten; yet it should always be remembered that they owed their preservation solely to the constant incapacity either of the generals or of the foreign cabinets, who never were prepared to take advantage of their perplexities. It is true that the immense population of France contributed to repair great losses; but useless would have been the courage of her defenders, if in the school of so many defeats they had not at length been taught a new species of warfare. A prospect of promotion was opened to every individual of the army; the common soldier might rise to the rank of general: the tardiness of the coalition gave time to the progress and expansion of military talent, and the old tacticians of Europe were beaten by generals whose genius their own violence had called into display.

When Bonaparte appeared, he found generals formed in the midst of the dangers of war, soldiers accustomed to every species of privation. He painted in glowing colours the fine and fertile climate of Italy, and shewed them the facility and advantages of so brilliant a contingent. The harangue of the new general, was so much the more welcome, as the army was at that time in the most miserable condition. The invitation to plunder was received with shouts of *Vive la liberté! vive Bonaparte!* and with repeated acclamations:

The Corsican general has never since changed the language which he held on that occasion. The love of plunder by degrees usurped the place of love of the country, and from the battle of Marengo to the conflagration of Moscow, has been the only tie by which so

many slaves have been impelled to serve beneath the eagles of the tyrant. *He knows no other*

Bonaparte was surrounded by officers, equally active and intelligent; clearness and precision characterized his orders; the subaltern generals received their instructions, couched in terms not to be misunderstood. The army was in motion: it had only one end to accomplish; all the divisions were united in its attainment, and were actuated by the same impulse. Excellent guides, spies well paid, opened to the French columns the barriers of the Alps. They make a precipitate attack on the outposts, and succeeded. Assisted by the traitors, who had been deceived by the cries of freedom and equality, and at the head of an army impatient to enjoy the spoils of Italy, the modern Attila came and conquered.

And what did the generals of the different powers oppose to this career of victory? Old prejudices, antiquated rules; the tactics of a preceding century, and the movements of an age, when soldiers marched like machines, from the right hand to the left; and no town could be past till it had been taken and garrisoned! They opposed the slow and mechanical evolutions, to an enemy whose first principle was *celerity of movement*. The same activity on one side, and the same sluggishness on the other, produced the results of Austerlitz, Jena, Ratisbon and Wagram.

It is to this celerity of movement, by which, when properly directed, Napoleon obtained his former triumphs over every coalition, and to which, when extended too far, and with too presumptuous a disregard of possible consequences, all his misfortunes and adversities are owing. But every climate is not like that of Russia; and should Bonaparte ever be able to act once more on the offensive, disaster will have taught him caution. Within a limited line of march, and at a moderate distance from some place of refuge, his tactics, unless opposed by means similar to his own, are infallible. It is necessary, therefore, that those on whom may depend the future opposition to

his progress, or who feel an interest in the possible termination of future wars, should be deeply impressed with the chief cause of his long continued success.

The equipage of a French army consists of a fine train of field pieces, a light and well furnished field hospital; the heavy artillery follows at a distance; the musquets must be in the best condition; and when after that the soldier is furnished with two pair of shoes, and provisions for two days, he is in the opinion of Bonaparte abundantly provided. If the regiments can fire and march well, the army is capable of any thing: a few veterans dispersed in the companies, in a few days initiate the raw recruits. The officers know their business, and perform it well. The generals having had a long experience, know how to manœuvre when there is occasion; a circumstance which seldom happens, but on days when a pitched battle takes place; and then the martial execute no grand movements, but under the eye of Bonaparte or Berthier.

A large French army on taking the field is divided into several corps of twenty or twenty-five thousand men, each under the command of different marshals. Bonaparte acts as commander in chief. Berthier as major general receives his orders, and communicates them to different corps: this is all that can be known by the enemy respecting the dispositions of a French army; the rest is a secret which Bonaparte confides to his major general alone, or if the case required it to his marshals.

When the army takes the field, it is divided into several columns; the business of the day is marked out for each of the marshals, independent of the general instructions they have received, and each corps of the army advances as if it were acting alone, without concerning itself whether it forms the right wing or the left. Its aim is to accomplish the object assigned to it, which consists in occupying, after a few hours march, a position which may favor the execution of the general plan. Having reached the rendezvous, a brigade, for instance, composed of several divisions, the commander in chief, as marshal, points out to each division the position it is required to

occupy. If the weather should be rainy, and nothing be apprehended from the enemy, it often happens that the troops are billeted; and the assessment is such, that each soldier partaking of the provisions of the inhabitant, may have sufficient to satisfy his appetite. The resources have been calculated before hand.*

However inclement the weather, if the case require it, the troops lie in the open air except the cavalry, unless when an attack by night is expected. A brigade is thus encamped by the side of a river, at the foot of a mountain, or on the skirts of a wood; a strong guard is on the watch, and outposts are placed on every convenient spot. The centinels are numerous; the patrols on the look out the whole night, and it seldom happens that the generals in person fail secretly to visit the camp. A sufficient number of men are detached from each company. They go to the neighbouring farms and villages, in quest of straw, boards, &c. in short of every thing that is necessary to the preparation of the *bivouac*. Others are engaged in cutting wood, or felling trees. Fires are kindled throughout the army; places of shelter are erected. If the time and place permit, the soldier makes of these temporary erections very convenient lodgings. They only require permission to act, and every thing is immediately in motion. Some plant picquets; other lay floors, one attends to the boiling of the pot, waiting for the provisions which are impatiently expected. After eating heartily the French soldier will sleep soundly, is up at day-break, and continues his march contented and alert. If the country through which he marches be bleak and barren, it only urges him to proceed with the more rapidity. Desirous to leave behind them sands or heath, he is anxious to cross them. The troops rush forward with the more alacrity, as victory, by delivering them from misery and hunger, will be the means of transporting them into a

* We are indebted for this account of the French army, to the personal kindness of General Saluzze, of the Russian *Etat Major*.

country where resources abound; and the enemy who imagines that thirty leagues in a barren or desolated country form an insurmountable barrier, is miserably surprized by finding himself attacked on all points by troops whose approach he had not expected.

It may happen, however, that the enemy assembled in great force, will at length oblige the French army to halt. The columns approach, the troops seek a position, and the army encamps. This frequently takes place near some large city, the neighbourhood of which will afford the required resources. Provisions are at length distributed, and the powerful system of requisition extends to a great distance. The magazines are filled, and all is order and regularity. If it is foreseen that the army will remain for a length of time, the inhabitant receives in money the value of the provisions he furnishes, by which means he secures them from failing.

Such are the arrangements in the French army for all that relates to the personal comfort of the soldier, and prepares him for those vigorous and rapid marches to which Napoleon was indebted for repeated triumphs, and which are his only confidence in the present state of his affairs. Russia has done much, but she cannot do every thing; and the effective co-operation of Austrian or Prussian allies, can only be regarded with confidence, after they have remedied the defects of their military system, and condescended to be taught the art of offensive war by a still formidable enemy; once and greatly *wrong*, but still retaining the vital energy and the effective principle that led to the acquisition of his lately despotic power over the nations of the continent.

Scourgiana.

Considerable tittering has been excited in the upper circles at the expence of the notorious Earl of B. who has found that the application of a commoner's *whip* to the shoulders of a *peer* is no joke. A variety of tales are in circulation as to the

cause and the event ; but on enquiry the following will be found to be the correct particulars. The Earl of B. whose broad unblushing countenance is as notoriously public in the vicinity of Bond-street as the sun at noon-day, and whose vices are the theme of detestation even among black-legs and prostitutes, was recently in a drive down — — — attracted by the elegant form of a fascinating female, who to beauty added that richest of all characteristics, Virtue ;—thinking it impossible that *pedestrian* beauty could resist the importunities of a peer in a *gig*, he amorously leered and ogled, and shewed off a few of those *juvenile* airs, which, although exciting contempt and proper abhorrence in the lady, nevertheless stimulated a smile at his buffoonery, such a one as Liston the performer merits when burlesquing the excellence of Braham. Lord B. whose vanity never fails him upon a pinch, flattered himself, and saw in the fair one another victim to his lust. He followed, and seeing her turn up a narrow street, dispatched his *young Mercury* to offer her proposals—Proposals!! The lady was indignant, and boxed the ears of the little procurator, who, however, well acquainted with the rules to be adopted on his mission, followed her to her own door—the peer and *gig* still keeping in sight. The lady knocked, and acquainted her *husband* with the insult offered her, who not at all satisfied with the well-meant intentions of the noble peer, coolly took a horsewhip, followed the urchin, and so merrily played upon the shoulders of his lordship, that serious doubts are entertained whether he will ever again attempt the like transgression, and serious *hopes* by those females whose modesty has often been put to the blush by his unprincipled gaze of libertinism.

A report has been several days in circulation to which we attach no credit, that a certain theatrical statesman *means* to pay his creditors immediately ; but we think he still wants the *means*.

THE CLERICAL BOAR.

When the wine's in the stomach, the wit flies the scull,
And the morning peeps in with a look rather dull ;
The brain is confused, and we scarcely can tell,
The chime of a clock from the sound of a bell ;

Our senses bewildered in wanderings are lost,
 Regret then steps in, and we pay him the cost.

Thus it happened one morn as at breakfast he sat,
 While his head it ran round and his heart it went pat,
 To JACK TITHE PIG, a *Justice*—a *Farmer*—a *Parson* !
 Each trade we all know sometimes carries the farce on,
 Confused was *his* brain, for the wine over night,
 Had displaced the contents of his scull from the right,
 He knew not right from wrong—when the door opened wide,
 And the servant stalked in, while his reverence's pride
 Swelled high as he ventured to lift up his head,
 Which inaminate seemed, as though raised from the dead,
 “ Well, Sir, what d'ye want that you rudely break in ?
 “ Please your Reverence,” said James, “ *he* is making a din,”
 “ HE—who ? what do you mean by a din, you d——d ass”
 “ Why, Sir, *Fallowfield* says, things are come to a pass ;
 “ And he must have a word in your worship's good ear,
 “ For he talks about *boars* and of *sows*, as you'll hear.”
 “ Well ! well ! show him in, he's a troublesome brute,”
 (Enter *Fallowfield* dressed in his every day suit)
 He advances with modest demeanor—begins
 To relate a long story accompanied by grins,
 Concluding as thus : “ please your reverence, *my sow*,”
 “ *Your sow*, friend—well now—tell me pray how,
 “ What your sow has effected.” “ Why, Sir, thus it stands,
 “ And justice *I* ax at your worship's good hands.
 “ My *she pig*—the sow and her *children*, poor craters,
 “ Have been tearing up from the ground all your worship's
 good *taters*.”
 “ What, what, my fine crop that I harboured in store,
 “ And expected to *sell* to the labouring poor ?
 “ I'll make you pay *all* the damage ‘ for breaking the laws.”
 Poor FALLOWFIELD hearing this dropped one of his jaws ,
 With humble submission exclaimed,—“ As a rat,
 “ Please your worship I am poor—I pray think of that.”—
 “ Your poverty, friend, shall not pardon your crime,”
 Said the Justice—“ for justice o'ertakes you in time ;”
 “ God bless you, Sir, hear me—a blunder I've made,
 “ Which will happen when poor folks are sometimes afraid ;
 “ 'Twas your worship's large sow, with her little sweet craters,
 “ Broke through my poor fence and have rooted *my taters*.”—

“ Oh, aye ! that alters the case—she could do *thee* no harm,
 “ A mere excursion she took just to keep herself warm ;
 “ Your potatoes were spoiling for want of the getting,
 “ 'Tis a trifle not worth all this fuming and fretting.”—
 “ But your *boar*, Sir,”—said Fallowfield—“ Well, friend, I
 can't wait,
 “ The committee are sitting, and its growing quite late,
 “ But I understand what you would say—therefore rest on,
 “ My word—boar and sow shall soon settle the question.”

Southwell,

PINCHER.

March 24.

The Honourable L—— W—— and Captain H—— are warned off the premises of the Earl of K—g—n and B—y-re in the New Road---it does not appear that the former gentlemen are at all acquainted with the nature of the institution, and that the *game* on the manor is *private* property ; under those circumstances we beg leave to explain, with a view to prevent a most *disagreeable* rencontre. The house in question is opened on a partnership account between the *two dignified* noblemen, and as an asylum for females, who have been prevailed upon to seek it as a shelter. Six months is the term allowed to initiate young girls into Cyprian Mysteries, during the time they are supposed to have learnt every thing necessary to their commencement of business, and are dismissed with a bank note, by way of outfit---poachers on the establishment will be punished with every severity, unless they come qualified with a *horse-whip*, an article which the two noble earls have a great veneration for.

Lady D——, of investigation notoriety, it appears with all her influence, has not been able to rouse the courage of the brave Sir John ——, who notwithstanding his dreams of pistols, bullets, daggers and saw-pits, has sat himself down very quiet under the infamy with which he stands charged ; the perjury with which his intended royal victim has branded him !!!

A correspondent, we presume a *very juvenile one*, blushes and expresses great indignation at a certain Hoary Silenus of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, whose amorous propensities are considered obnoxious ; a little more knowledge of the world will reconcile him to such anecdotes of *venerable* follies, or *juvenilia*

of old age---why should not an old boy of seventy keep his mistress, we see no reasonable objection to it ; let him in heaven's name recline his grey hairs upon the blooming bosom of twenty, or smother his asthmatic cough in her embrace--what is his name to us?--there may be many a better man--or his having formerly been a *West India merchant*---his heart may not be the less corrupt, or to us his *frauds* and *peculation* ; he is not the only man who may have deserved and has escaped the rope--then again what is it to us who *the lady is* ?--she may be the *daughter of a notorious prostitute*--so much the better ; it rejoices us that the ruffian's gold has not fee'd a better victim--what to us her living with her mother in *Park-street, Grosvenor-square*?--we know nothing of the matter, every prostitute must have a residence ; and is a matter of equal indifference whether it be *Park-street, Park-lane, Manchester-square, Pall Mall, George-street, Westminster, or Knightsbridge* ; we know very well an adept pimp could find a frail fair at either of these places, to suit a *royal bird*, and why not one for Mr. _____, he may have a *wife* and a *large family*, the state can have nothing to complain of him in that--the population in a material degree constitutes the wealth of a nation ;-- his being seventy years of age, is not objectionable to us, if it is not so to the lady ; and the mere matter of squandering his money on a prostitute, and deserting his wife and family, is a circumstance so common, that this instance cannot hope to obtain much notoriety. As for adultery, that is no longer a crime, it is merely a *Headfort misfortune*, on the authority of Lord Ellenborough, and who can doubt the legality of his opinion ?

It is in current fashionable report that the Countess of _____ was under the necessity of a precipitate flight lately, some curious particulars having transpired relative to the ' *Delicate Inquiry*' involving her ladyship's name : we have not been able to trace the report to any authentic source, and cannot suppose for a moment that her ladyship could possibly have any prejudice against that illustrious but unfortunate female.—SHE COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE SUBORNERS.

The proprietor of the *Times* begs leave to inform his friends that the *volume of the past* is *closed*, and he requests they will

henceforward look only to the *present* or current times ; consistency can hardly be expected from a journalist, and retrospection is painful to him who *feels* it his *interest* to change his opinions !

The proprietor of the Courier to be sold—wha wants me ?—or to be let out upon dirty jobs : enquire at the office.

This is to give notice that whoever *can* or *will* come forward and give *agreeable* testimony in a certain delicate inquiry, shall be handsomely rewarded by applying to —————.

N. B. Those persons who are willing to swear, must be a little cautious not to say too much, as recent circumstances have fully proved that total failure hangs upon extravagant and overstrained testimony.—Instructions will be given where inviolable secrecy will be preserved, any morning before *ten*, in St. Alban's Street.

The interesting and amiable Lady P—lk—gt—n, having long suffered from the obnoxious intrusion of a certain creature of the town, whom possibly we may be inclined to notice hereafter, in a manner not consonant with his wishes—we beg leave to recommend to her ladyship that she never ventures abroad without her servant's being provided with a good horse-whip—it will prove an infallible specific in this case.

THE THEATRES.

The OPERA HOUSE.—In the absence of novelties at this splendid theatre, at this emporium of song and dance, we feel ourselves called upon to notice the following advertisement from the proprietor of that establishment, accounting for the theatre's being closed on one of its usual evenings of representation.

“ The nobility, gentry, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, are very respectfully informed that in consequence of Madame Catalani's inability to perform this evening, together with Mrs. Dickons's performance at Drury Lane theatre, and the *positive refusal* of Sig. Tra-

mezzani to perform the part of Enrico IV. unless the manager would announce to the public that he CONDESCENDED to do so, in order to keep the theatre open (which with any kind of view of his duty to the subscribers and the public, or to the interest of the property, the manager did not feel himself justified in doing) the opera is unavoidably postponed to Thursday next, when (by permission) Mrs. Dickons will perform."

Let us ask how long will the English nobility suffer themselves to be degraded and insulted by a puppy of an opera singer, a fellow who very probably in his own country would be recognized to have emerged from the lowest haunts of beggarly obscurity, who had fed half his life among hogs, and for the most part of the other felt happy in collecting the crumbs in his hand that fell from a middling tradesman's table—a moving puppet without brains—a calf with a musical bleat, and no other qualification to rescue him from the ranks of an army, or from following a team. How long, for the miserable gratification of hearing a wretched foreigner squall his neutral-gendered notes, will the English nobility suffer themselves and the country to be degraded by such a thing, a mere animated bagpipe, a fiddle-case, a musical walking-stick—for themselves we care nothing, but for the country, let it not be said that such a thing as this said Tramezzani shall have it in his power to shut up a theatre, because the proprietor would not acknowledge his CONDESCENSION publicly!!! Condescension: will it be believed, that this Italian, in a civilized country, an enlightened metropolis, *condescends* to take near *two thousand* pounds for about twenty-five night's performance in a season! Yes, yes, this will readily be believed, but who will credit that in London where there is a Bedlam, a St. Luke's, and other madhouses, that the people who pay it are suffered to walk abroad without a keeper?

ORATORIOS.

DRURY-LANE.—It is with pleasure we have to announce a successful rivalry in the exhibition of the sublime and solemn beauties of Handel's Oratorios in the efforts of Sir George Smart. This gentleman with a liberality that does him honor, has erected a beautiful Gothic orchestra producing a most imposing effect in the new theatre—and has engaged a vocal and instrumental band "numerous and complete," independent of principal singers of no mean eminence, and we trust and hope that his success will be commensurate with his merits. The whole of Haydn's *Creation* has been repeated with considerable approbation, interspersed with Readings, by Miss Smith, from Milton's *Paradise Lost*—extracts illustrative of the Oratorio, and lending it a fascination which it does not in itself possess. "*Creation*" we have ever considered a heavy sombrous performance, conceived with great grandeur, executed with the fidelity of science, but not aided by the pleasing varieties and rich fancies of tasteful genius: there is a sameness that keeps lagging on the ear, like the falling cadence of distant chimes, a monotony that wearies the sense; perhaps it would be difficult to select any one part, and say of it that it was not beautiful, but as a whole, it is fatiguing, it is faulty. The clear, the distinct readings of Miss Smith relieves it from much of the heavy sameness of musical expression, and interests us much in its performance.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Messrs. Ashleys have commenced their Oratorio for the season, with some addition to their vocal band, particularly a Mr. Lacy; but Mad. Catalani is the host of attraction, and foundation of their hopes. In Mr. Lacy we see nothing extraordinary, we neither discovered powers or science to elevate him above the rank of mediocre singers; and a Mr. Garbutt we really could wish never to hear again.

Madame Catalani is very much improved in her pronunciation of the English language, and we should be cynical in withholding from her our unqualified applause,

our warmest encomiums at the rich treat she nightly affords us in singing some of the finest melodies of the immortal Handel. With a chaste and clear knowledge of the science, a command of every note and cadence in the most extended compass the human voice is capable of, and combining with these perfections a glowing religious feeling, and melancholy expression, we think her most admirably calculated for the orchestra of an Oratorio, and that there are few places shewing her to equal advantage.

DRURY-LANE.—The empirical doctors of the New Drury, Messrs. Arnold, Raymond, and the sub-committee, are hastening their way to the close of an unprofitable season, when a new farce called the “Discovery” will be performed at the cost of the shareholders of this ill directed concern; and the denouement will be a minus in the accounts. Our limits will not allow us this month to enter at any length into this discussion; but we owe it to the proprietors, i. e. the shareholders, to let them see their way clearly, and to caution them against a little affair privately *brewing* to the prejudice of their interests. We shall enter at large into this subject next month, when we shall have it in our power to reveal some of the “secrets of the prison-house.”

Two-thirds of the season have already elapsed, and what has the sub-committee of management done to answer the interests of the shareholders, and gratify the expectations of the town? Why they have brought forward a farce from the pen of a scene shifter, of the name of Fisher, which was damned—

REMORSE, tolerably successful.

THE ABSENT APOTHECARY—damnd.

HARLEQUIN AND HUMPO, a wretched pantomime, dragging on its fate in spite of the hisses of the audience on every representation—these have been what are called the new pieces: while for revivals they have ransacked the store-houses of the Lyceum; and finding

their interest fail, they resorted to the miserable Operas of O'Keeffe, &c. &c. and thus we are favored with "Robin Hood."

Perhaps a new theatre may be of sufficient interest to the public, without a necessity on the part of the proprietor of granting much novelty; but surely the public have a right to expect *something* to amuse, something to relieve the eye from dwelling on gold cornices, green pillars, &c. &c. Now no one in their reason would have suspected the wretched opera of Robin Hood capable of such relief—alike destitute of sense and sound—but as though the natural weight of this previous revival was not sufficient to insure its doom, the performers themselves seemed to lend it a lifting hand, and were insufferably tedious, tormentingly tame and slovenly, and slothful in their performance. Mr. Bellamy in Robin Hood looked like one of the fighting heroes of the Olympic Pavilion. Braham treated us with his old cadences, over and over again; and Mrs. Dickons absolutely bawled herself hoarse—fatigued and jaded, we saw the curtain drop with inconceivable delight; and left the theatre, better satisfied with our freedom, than with the taste of the sub-committee of management.

COVENT GARDEN.—Since our last, Mrs. Campbell, who will be recollected as a very interesting actress a few years back, when Miss Wallis, made her re-appearance upon these boards in the character of Isabella. Arduous as this part is, and rendered doubly so by our recollection of the great merits of the greatest tragic actress of the day, still living in retirement, still capable of the histrionic art, it is singular that candidates for dramatic fame should make this character their special study, should select it as the pedestal of their fame and fortune, since even moderate success would be underrated by expectation, and though it were considerable as it were, hardly hoped to approach what we *what we have seen*, it could not secure to the candidate a laurel worth wearing. With a perfect recollection of the me-

rits of Miss Wallis, we must confess we did not expect much from the Isabella of Mrs. Campbell—an interesting actress in her juvenile, or rather maiden days, she never soared above mediocrity, and we regretted when we saw her name announced for Isabella, because we knew the circumstances which drove her once more to the stage as an asylum. We knew the unmerited misfortunes which visited this lady in her retirement, and with hearts, warm in her cause, we most heartily and earnestly wished her every possible success—it was not commensurate with even our hopes ; we regret to say it was a total failure, received with kindness by the audience, with an indulgence honorable to the head and heart of a British dramatic tribunal.

AT HOME, a new after-piece, ascribed to the *felicitous* pen of Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. a gentleman of the cloth, and a courtier, was produced at this theatre on the 26th of February, but too late for our review of that month. If the success of this trifle is the test of its merit, we have really nothing to offer, because we feel that our judgment will be severely questioned, or our candour liable to ill-natured strictures : but if, on the contrary, its merits be to be tried by unbiassed opinion, unprejudiced by the applause nightly testified in its favour—then indeed we shall come to judgment, and at once pronounce we have not seen for some time a worse offering to the dramatic muse. The author determined that the meagreness of his design should not boast more poverty than the meagreness of his language. He seemed to have built the whole of his hopes upon Mr. Mathews's personation of Robert Coates, Esq. as Romeo Rantall. And to do Mr. Mathews justice, we must admit that the author suffered no disappointment ; but we are averse to the buffoonery, and cannot bring ourselves to think, that because Mr. Coates indulges a particular propensity, he is a fit subject for such serious ridicule.



Bring me the Roman Punch
there is much excellence in Punch
it exhilarates it revives

Rest your R-L head upon my bosom
it was made to bear yes even the
weighty thing that fills the cheir before J-e

Never
and

Am not I your own purse and
is not that enough to make me purse proud
lean your R-L arm on mine. I can
accomodate you in any way

Verdoubt it will be excellent Brother -
and I have stirr'd it up well.

The Punch will soon be ready, and
the ingredients are of excellent quality

Aye, lea
Lady



I am wearied of this
Investigation clamorous Creditors
and long Bills are troublesome;
give me more Wine

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION or Secrets of



Bring me the Roman Punch
there is much excellence in Punch
it exhilarates it reviews!

Rest your mind
it would be
weighty th



Am not I your own pu
is not that enough to ma
lean your R-L arm on
accomodate you in any

